

The TATLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1630.

London
Sept. 21, 1932



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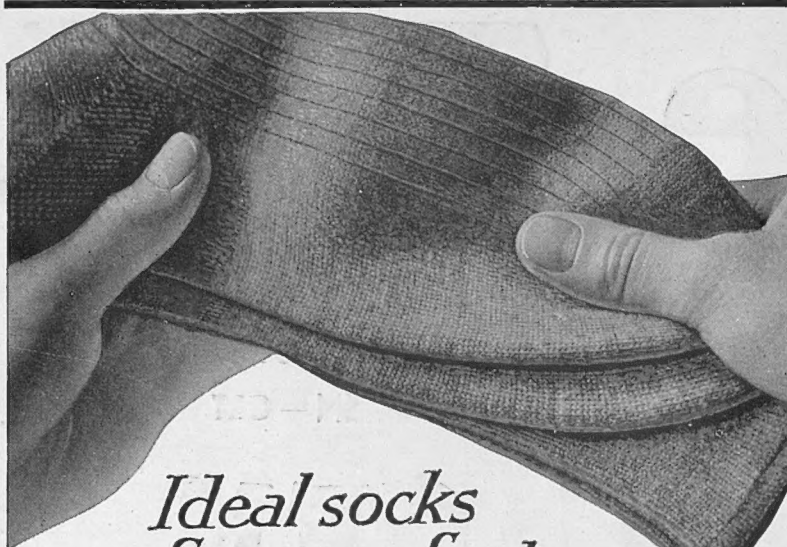
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The TATTLER

Vol. CXXV. No. 1630. London, September 21, 1932

POSTAGE: Inland, 2d.; Canada and
Newfoundland, 14d.; Foreign, 4d.

Price One Shilling



Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

"CAROLA" AND "ZILLAH"

MISS GLADYS COOPER AND HER SUPPORTER IN "FIREBIRD"

This new and very powerful drama from the Hungarian of Lajos Zilahy, which is filling the Playhouse at every performance, has given Miss Gladys Cooper one of the best acting parts of her career, and she gives us a remarkable performance as the mother who, to shield her daughter, confesses to a murder she has never committed. In the skilfully worked out dénouement, the intelligent Commissioner of Police of Budapest smashes Carola's confession to bits, and the play ends with the accusing finger pointing straight at her daughter (Miss Antoinette Cellier). The Schnauzer "Zillah" is a little cog-wheel in the thrilling story



AT THE ARGYLL GAMES AT OBAN LAST WEEK: MISS MARGARET SANSON, ALISTAIR ANDERSON OF TULLICHEWAN, AND LADY MALCOLM DOUGLAS HAMILTON

A picture from Oban last week, where it consented to be fairly fine for the Argyllshire Games, Oban being on the wet side of Scotland. Lady Malcolm Douglas Hamilton is a cousin of the Duchess of York as she is the only child of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon. Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton is in the R.A.F. and is the Duke of Hamilton's third son

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
MY DEAR,—Though more than half London's inhabitants have now returned once more, Scotland remains very full and very lively, particularly Aberdeenshire and North Berwick.

At the ghillies' ball at Balmoral last week, all the Royal Household danced hard; reels, Circassian circles, and other local dances being the order of the evening. Prince George, who arrived at the castle a night or two before, after opening a new wing of the boys' club in Aberdeen, seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly.

* * *

The King and Queen follow the custom of Queen Victoria, and invariably invite one or two neighbours to dine during their stay in the north. Lord and Lady Shaftesbury from Abergeldie, Lord and Lady Dunedin (the latter, though eighty-five, is a keen amateur photographer), Mr. Farquharson of Invercauld, Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, Sir Ernest Budge, the distinguished Egyptologist, and Miss Esther Baldwin, the ex-Premier's youngest daughter, have all been honoured in this fashion.

Miss Agnes Keyser has just spent her annual fortnight at Balmoral. What a wonderful person she is, so upright and determined and alert, and in no way changed since the days when she opened her extraordinarily successful



LADY PEMBROKE AND HER GRANDSON, THE HON. WILLIAM SMITH

Lord and Lady Pembroke's only daughter, Lady Patricia Herbert, married Lord Hambleden in 1928. This little boy was born in 1930. The snapshot was taken at the Wilton Hunt gymkhana

THE LETTERS OF EVE



Poole, Dublin

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH AT THE CURRAGH RACES

On Irish Leger day when Major Shirley's Hill Song won it. Lady Charles Cavendish is more familiar, perhaps, as Miss Adèle Astaire. She married the Duke of Devonshire's younger son in May and retired from the stage. She and her husband live at Lismore and go north shortly to stay with Lord and Lady Dufferin at Clondeboyne

nursing home! The King and Queen are wonderfully loyal to old friends, and never forget a face they have once seen. They are worshipped up in the north, and the weekly crowds that gather at Crathie on Sundays to watch them on their way to church must be seen to be believed. The Queen has done much to beautify the gardens at Balmoral, where the whole atmosphere, with tartan-hung walls and kilned Highlanders in attendance, is as Scottish as the most intensely loyal heart could wish.

* * *

At Mar Lodge, Princess Arthur of Connaught has entirely re-decorated the drawing-room and dining-room, and made many drastic alterations both inside and out. She has a real flair for interior decoration, and is very popular on the estate. As I mentioned last week, she is the chieftainess of the Clan Duff now, and her young son, Lord Macduff, who is also very much loved by his tenants, is turning into a very fine fisherman. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught gave a most successful ghillies' dance at Mar

Lodge last Thursday night. Amongst those who attended it were Lord and Lady Maud Carnegie, who are staying with them, Lord and Lady Dunedin, Colonel Farquharson, and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, and Captain and Mrs. Mackenzie.

The gaieties of Deeside have been marred by one or two nasty accidents. Sir John Salmond's daughter got badly peppered out shooting the other day. So badly that it was feared, for a time, that she might lose the sight of an eye. And Sir Arthur Grant's coming-of-age celebrations, which involved a week of entertaining with a dance and a garden party, which was somewhat spoilt by rain, came to an almost tragic end.

Miss Evelyn Grant, his elder sister, was driving with two young men when the car skidded, hit a telegraph post and then a wall. The driver was thrown through the wind-screen, and so badly injured that he had to be taken to a hospital in Aberdeen. Miss Grant is also in hospital with two ribs broken and several other fractures, and the other young man was badly cut about. Luckily for Miss Elspeth Grant, who had originally meant to go in this car, she changed her mind at the last moment and went in someone else's.

One of the happiest people on Deeside just now is Miss Jessamine Gordon, the granddaughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, that ageless pair, whose devotion to one another is touching to see in these days of experimental marriages! At the ages of eighty and eighty-five, respectively, they can boast that they have never been separated for a day in all their married life. If Miss Gordon, who has just got engaged to Count Krasiki, carries on the family tradition, it will constitute something of a record in connubial bliss.

Miss Gordon, who is very tall and dark, is an accomplished pianist, and has been the constant companion of her two brothers. Mr. Archie Gordon, the younger one, is very nearly as tall as she is, but as fair as she is dark.

On right—
THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY
ON NORTH BERWICK LINKS

A breezy snapshot of the Duke of Rutland's young son and heir. Lord Granby was born in 1919



Pool, Dublin

IRISH LEGER DAY AT THE CURRAGH

Arriving at the course on the day Hill Song won the last of the Irish classics. Left to right in this group are: The Hon. Michael Campbell, Lord Glenavy, Mrs. Geoffrey Palmer, and the Hon. Patrick Campbell. The Hon. Patrick Campbell is Lord Glenavy's little son and heir. Mrs. Geoffrey Palmer comes from Galway. Lord Glenavy succeeded to the title in 1931

Miss Anne Charteris, whose marriage to Lord O'Neill takes place in a fortnight's time at St. Margaret's, Westminster, has returned to town to choose her trousseau. She and her fiancé are lucky enough to have been lent a house in London until February next, so that they need not start house-hunting till after Christmas. So they will escape this fatiguing process which most engaged couples have to do on top of all the ordinary preparations before their wedding. Miss Charteris has several small brothers and sisters, all of whom possess enormous charm, and there is no doubt that when they grow up they will have as great a success as their elder sister.

The family stays a great deal at Stanway, which belongs to their grandfather, Lord Wemyss, but recently Lord Wemyss has been up at North Berwick, where he plays golf every autumn. Gosford is the name of his home there, and, if he is not staying there himself, this is usually let to two different tenants, as it has two front doors, two kitchens, two dining-rooms, etc., and there is no need for either tenant ever to see the other.

As a rule Lord Newton takes one-half of Gosford in August, but this year he stayed at North Berwick itself, and only one-half is let, and this to Mrs. Leo Rothschild. Lord Newton unfortunately broke his leg while playing golf one day, which ruined his holiday for this year.

Lord Lurgan, another annual visitor to North Berwick, has been staying this summer with Mr. Edward Esmond, whose house-parties up there are famous and always contain some golfing "lion" and several titles.

Talking of titles, Mrs. James Horlick, who lives at Greywalls, Gullane, manages to collect more distinguished guests than most hostesses. Miss Katherine Horlick, who is to be seen on the golf course any day, is more at home in London, where she may be seen dancing any night at any of the better-known clubs which are the homes of Miss Whigham and Lady Bridgett Poulett. Colonel James Horlick has gone to America for an extended

(Continued overleaf)

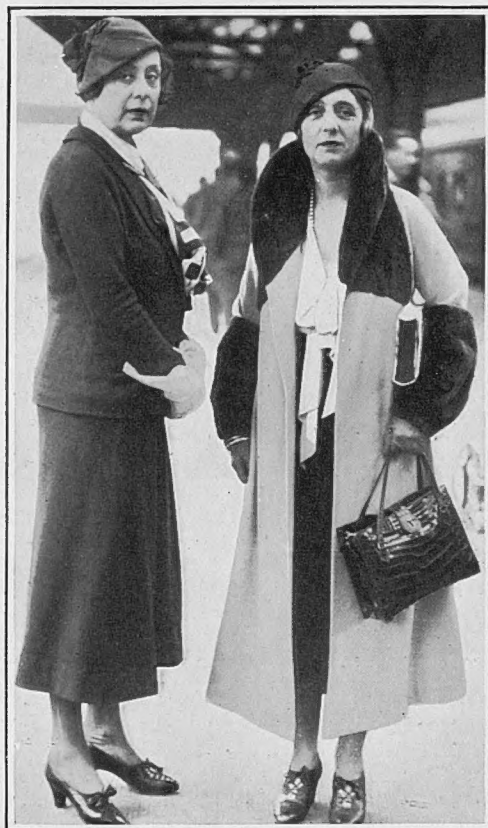


ANOTHER GROUP AT THE ARGYLL GAMES

A group of specialists at Oban last week where these games, some of the most important in the Highlands, were held. The names, left to right, are: Colonel Bruce Campbell, the Duke of Argyll, Colonel Lloyd of Minard, Macdonald of Barquille, and Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch

THE LETTERS OF EVE—*continued*

holiday, and will not be home again until the beginning of next year. It is to be assumed that he will also transact a certain amount of business there, as the Horlick Malted Milk Company



ON THE WING: THE BARONESS ROTHSCHILD AND THE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE

The camera gun-man is always lurking at our London stations and he was on this occasion. Lady Crewe is Lord Rosebery's younger sister

in their nursery days—the Ladies Elisabeth and Joanna Lambart; when they are in London they have a weekly dancing class at which the Princess Elizabeth takes her lessons in the "light fantastic" art.

In Aberdeenshire there is great excitement whenever the two little Princesses go out driving, in green bérêts and smart green covert coats, attended by their devoted Nannie. Princess Elizabeth has a charming way of mothering her younger sister, and they are both thoroughly enjoying their stay at Birkhall. This is the first time on record, I believe, that the Duke and Duchess of York and their family have not stayed at Balmoral itself.

London is now gradually assuming its normal appearance in preparation for the general return at the end of the month, and the streets will soon be thoroughfares once more. During the last few days my own street has been looking something like a model of the Dolomites. Huge mountains of earth and stone tower above deep chasms in the roadway. And at the bottom of these chasms armies of men tug and haul at five-ton cables encouraged by yodellers at the surface whose antiphon is quite maddening in its frequency and monotony.

have interests in the States. Lord Beatty is also off to America, and afterwards he intends to go for a cruise in his yacht, *Sheila*.

The Cavan, who have been at North Berwick, will, within the next year, be "bringing out" Lady Cavan's daughter by her first marriage, Miss Daphne Mulholland. She is an attractive girl, much darker than her mother, for she takes after the Mulhollands rather than the Byngs. She plays a very good game of golf, and is the inseparable companion of her step-father, Lord Cavan. The rest of the family are still

Familiar faces grow more and more frequent. I dined at Punch's the other night and found many of its habitués reassembled there, most of them just returned from abroad. Miss Celia Palmer, in fact, had driven straight from Victoria on her return from Paris. Others to be seen were Mrs. Evan Morgan, looking very brown and well, Lady Cottenham in a startling black dress with huge epaulettes of white tulle and a small black hat, and Sir Robert Throckmorton and Miss Hilary Charles, who have both spent a good deal of this summer at Le Touquet.

Mr. Cecil Beaton returned from Venice to London via Le Touquet, where he spent a few days with Mrs. Somerset Maugham at her villa. He hit a bad patch of weather there and complained that only a few hours before he had been blistering in a gondola. (Not altogether my idea of bliss in Venice.) However there was still something of the festive holiday spirit remaining in his attire when he crossed to England last week. With a light tweed suit he wore a minute black bérêt perched at the top of his head, a white gilet, a plaited woollen tie and a yellow carnation.

Those who have not yet returned to London may be surprised to find bicycling is in again! According to Lord Milford Haven it is by far the best exercise, and at Lynden Manor, his country house, he keeps a team of lovely bicycles on which he and his young son, Lord Medina, and Lady Tatiana Mountbatten career round the garden every morning. They are experts at bicycle polo—a sport, may I add, which requires considerable skill.

While we are on the subject, I happened to be in the Park at the early hour of 9 o'clock a few days ago and saw Mrs. Ernest Simpson paddling herself home on a "bicycle made for one." Perhaps this is how she keeps that lovely slim figure and does such credit to her evening clothes. Like most Americans she possesses the *perfect back*. This may also be said of Mrs. Benjamin Thaw, the attractive wife of one of the first Secretaries at the American Embassy. She is, incidentally, the only woman I have seen balance herself entirely on her head. This acrobatic feat, in her case, relieves a headache.

Her lovely sister, Lady Furness, is back in London looking very well after her Biarritz holiday. I am afraid she will

miss her favourite dog, who decided to die about half an hour after she went abroad. A post-mortem was immediately held, but "death was due to natural causes." Lady Furness invented the famous black gloves, and she may start a new fashion as to the best method of eating caviare. She refuses vodka or any of the usual drinks and solemnly imbibes cold milk. I hardly think she will find many imitators in this fashion.

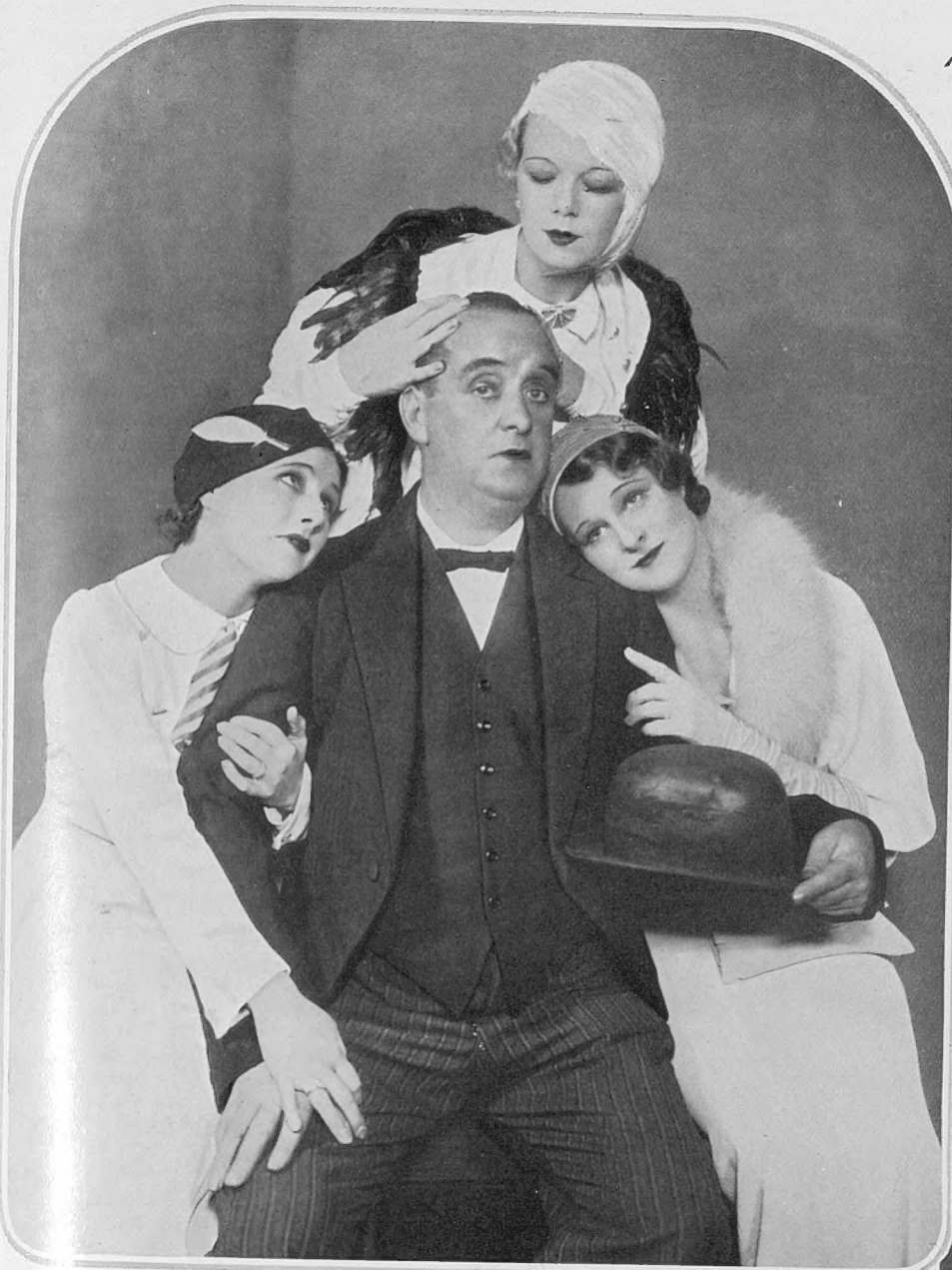
I went full of hope to the photography exhibition in Pall Mall East, and came away rather disappointed, for I wanted to see something rather more exciting and original than portraits and landscapes and carefully-arranged still-life effects. And there are so many of these. John Havinden's "Tide" is pleasing, but I had already seen it in the 1931 edition of "Photographie." Was it really the tide, or did a tractor make that lovely pattern on the sand? Others that caught my eye were "Adagio," "Difficult Task," "Water Rings," "The Ebony Mask," and Norman Lindsay's hands. Havinden's intriguing umbrella-frame was also in last year's "Photographie," a publication which contains many more intriguing things, I fear, than the whole of this exhibition.—Yours ever, EVE.



AT THE THAME SHOW (OXON)

Mr. Wilfred Johnson, who is chairman of Sandown Park Racecourse, Lady Wright, formerly Miss Bullows, and so well known in the show ring at Olympia and elsewhere, and Miss Dickens. They had very good weather for it and a capital all-round entry

"THE NIGHT OF THE GARTER"

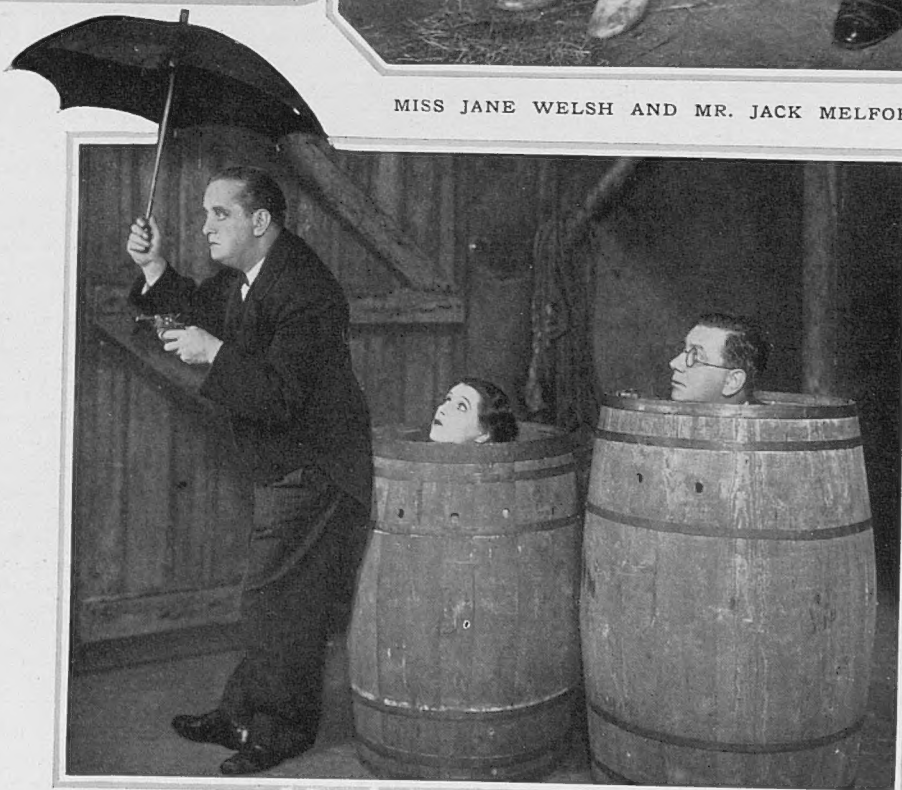


MISS MARJORIE BROOKS (Barbara), MISS ANGELA BADDELEY (Jennie), MR. SYDNEY HOWARD (Bodger), AND MISS JANE WELSH (Gwendoline)



MISS JANE WELSH AND MR. JACK MELFORD

Austin Melford's re-incarnation of Avery Hopwood's lusty old farce has vastly pleased the groundlings at the Strand Theatre, and well it might, for the refurbishing has been done most admirably, and the speed which should ever be the mainspring of all good farces is kept up from find to finish. It hardly matters a bit what it is all about or which of the many husbands is hiding from which of the many wives, or in whose hand or on whose leg that supposed compromising article of attire—the garter—is at any particular moment, for the principal factor of success is the quick movement, merry gibe, and the right cast to keep things humming. Mr. Alan Bott and Tom Titt in their joint effort in our "Entertainment à la Carte" page in this issue have stolen almost all the thunder there is, and to add anything here would be to commit the bêtise of gilding refined gold. "The Night of the Garter" is one of the biggest successes in London Town at the moment



MR. SYDNEY HOWARD (the Marvellous Butler), MISS ANGELA BADDELEY (Jennie), AND MR. AUSTIN MELFORD (Bunthorp Phipps)

Stage Photo Co.

THE CINEMA :

The Art of Constance Bennett
By JAMES AGATE

MR. BERNARD SHAW is once reported to have said: "My fame is the concern of other people. It has nothing to do with me." That Mr. Shaw could say this is due entirely to the fineness of a mind which has never had any use for notoriety either as spur or guerdon. But, the reader will interrupt, how can you say this when everybody knows that G.B.S. has spent fifty years hunting publicity or laying himself across the track of it? The point is that G.B.S. has sought publicity for his work's sake, just as your divine might stand on his head in the pulpit to draw attention to his message. Now your film star pursues the opposite course. Her fame has everything to do with her. She can have no other concern because she has no mind with which to take concern. I am not dealing now with the male film star who in most cases is an actor as well as a celebrity, whereas your blonde nitwit is hardly ever anything except the exquisite embodiment of no mind.

I was sitting the other day at an alleged Bohemian club—"alleged" because you cannot get a drink there after hours—which has fallen into the bad habit of employing waitresses, who when ugly spoil the food, when pretty distract the mind, and in all cases shake the wine. My co-sitter was Mr. Philip Page, possessor of the prettiest Tudor mansion and the prettiest neo-Georgian wit in England. I had ordered a tankard of bitter and a whisky and soda, and the girl executed the order promptly and correctly. After she had dumped the change on the picturesquely dirty table-cloth Philip Page said impressively: "That girl remembered about the tankard, gave each of us our right drink, and you the right change. *Talma Shearbo couldn't have done that!*" This is the exact impression which these platinum nonentities always give me. I have only met one in the flesh. She was an under-sized, insignificant little thing, and at the party given in her honour you had to look round the room twice to find her, and when you had spotted her you would have said she was the born waitress. Oddly enough the heroine of *What Price Hollywood?* is a waitress. Mary Evans, a flaxen beauty, happens to be waiting upon Maximilian Carey, described by Hollywood as "a great but eccentric director." Now the word "eccentric" has different meanings in different countries. In England it has been debased to mean a comedian who is funny with his feet, whereas in Hollywood it just means drunk. Carey takes the girl to a party given in honour of the "world première"—how Hollywood dotes on the grandiose phrase!—of his latest picture. At this point it should perhaps be mentioned that Mary is presented by Miss Constance Bennett who may or may not be an actress, while Carey is played by that magnificent comedian, Mr. Lowell Sherman. Carey gives Mary a try-out in which she is terrible, but going home that night she rehearses the single sentence of which her part is composed for so many hours that next morning, when she is given another chance, she reveals herself as a world-actress and a potential star of such magnitude that the hard-hearted and withal Jewish producer, Julius Saxe, gives her a million-dollar contract. Next, Mary, whose brilliant commonness continues to entrance or appal me—entrance if it is assumed and appal if it is not—falls in love with a millionaire polo player who conquers her in the Petruchio manner, without any acknowledgments to Shakespeare or whoever it was that Shakespeare bagged his story from. At the end of this scene, in which are

used up all Hollywood's reserves of blatant expense, we find Mary sitting down to caviare, champagne, and a full-dress orchestra in her night-shirt, whereby the New Gallery will obviously be crowded for as many weeks as the management desires. After Mary's wedding Carey goes downhill at a speed exceeding all that the textbooks have to tell us about velocity and acceleration. But Mary, whose heart is as golden as her hair, has always loved Carey in a selfless, idealistic way not understood by the common herd in general and her husband in particular. So when she tries to reclaim him in the small hours of the morning the polo-player, whose head is as wooden as his mallet, goes off to Reno to get a divorce. But Mary continues in her good work and, getting Carey out of prison, sets him on the road to reclamation with a glass of hot milk. But the road is too uphill for Carey, who shoots himself, and I take this to be the place to say that Mr. Sherman's acting throughout is of the highest possible class. The American press is, of course, not going to minimize the fact of an ex-film director's dead body being found in Mary's spare bedroom, whereupon Mary, who by this time has had a child, retires with the brat and a negro

Mammy to the South of France, whither presently the polo-husband repairs, and all live happily ever after. As the husband is a millionaire it does not matter that Mary, having broken her contract, presumably does not get the million dollars, and in any case *de minimis non curat Hollywood!*

I have said that I do not know whether Miss Constance Bennett is acting or not. Well I don't, for the reason that this is the first time I have seen Miss Bennett, and I do not know whether she can play anything except common little waitresses out of common little tea-shops. If she can and if the aspirate in "You 'aven't proposed to me yet to-night," repeated twenty times, is accidental, why then Miss Bennett is a considerable actress. One of the reasons why I am doubtful about this little lady's histrionic powers is her prettiness. She is undoubtedly extremely pretty, and I have never yet known a pretty woman who was a great actress. Great actresses either have great beauty like Mrs. Siddons, Duse and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, or they are frankly ugly like Réjane, or they have strange fascination like Sarah Bernhardt, or an odd assemblage of warring lovelinesses like Ellen Terry. But they are never pretty. You have only to go to Nature to see why prettiness can never be the arena for the conflicts of great passions. Windermere with its dimpled prettiness requires the sun; Westwater with its gloom and grandeur can alone accommodate the thunder and the lightning. It would be absurd to pretend that the human face is not to some extent the mirror of the mind. Ellen Terry, when she played in *Macbeth*, merely made you want to smack her, and frankly I do not see Miss Bennett as Medea. In fact I do not see her as anything except an extraordinarily pretty and provocative little lady. "Maiden ladies," said Oscar Wilde, "subsist entirely on cake," and I am quite sure that film stars like Miss Bennett subsist entirely upon admiration. In other words, upon their fame. They have nothing else upon which to exist, since the amount of acting which goes into a rôle like that of Mary Evans would not get the stage-player through the part of Nerissa, let alone that of Portia. In fact I believe that it requires less skill to give Miss Bennett's performance in *What Price Hollywood?* than it does to wait upon a roomful of bohemians and bring each his proper drink and change.



THE MARX BROTHERS IN "HORSE FEATHERS"

This new Paramount film opened at the Plaza on the 16th with these four amusing people, the super-clowns of their profession, as the leading characters. It is all about two rival football college teams, and is written all round the Marx family



SIR HARRY BRITTAİN AND LADY BOWDEN



LADY MARY CRICHTON-STUART
AND (right) MISS PAKE



MR. AND MRS. F. H. WATSON
THINKING THINGS OUT

RACING AT AYR

Though the sun was an absentee on the first day of the Western Meeting the social support always extended to this pleasant Northern fixture was well in evidence, and the presence of the Prince of Monaco added to the importance of the occasion. Lady Angela Scott and her brother are the two youngest members of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's popular family, and Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Bute, now in residence at their island home, Mount Stuart. Sir Harold Bowden's wife, who is seen with genial Sir Harry Brittain, is Ayrshire born and bred, so found no lack of friends to talk to



THE PRINCE OF MONACO AND FRIENDS



LORD GEORGE SCOTT AND LADY ANGELA SCOTT

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

IT is rather a relief when Doncaster is over for seven races a day (particularly if you are losing) and two sessions at the sales constitute one of the most tiring weeks of the year. Everyone has his favourite meeting, and I think mine is Doncaster, but I never can understand why journalists always say that such and such a trainer likes to win at any particular meeting. Unless he has a local patron he presumably likes to win at any meeting provided he can bet. I am more able to understand the very well-known ex-amateur rider's liking for Cheltenham, but distaste for Birmingham, to my mind about the finest course in the Midlands. His judgment was apparently biased by the freedom and accuracy with which bottles had been thrown at him at that venue whenever he got beat on a favourite. The quality of the yearlings sold on the last two days was on the whole better than on the first two days and bidding seemed to get keener as the sales went on. One couldn't help sympathising with Lord Glanely, one of the boldest of buyers, who was just outbid for about three high-priced yearlings running that he fancied, a reverse which caused him to turn on his heel and seek solace in the little green pagoda in the centre of the paddock. It is gratifying to note that on the blue jacket of his sale paddock costume he wears the buttons inscribed R.T.Y.S. in the gift of Mr. Tattersall for Real Tryers at Yearling Sales.

Mention of Mr. Tattersall reminds me that Captain "Bunny" Tattersall, the well-known writer in "The Daily Sketch," was married on Wednesday morning to Miss Janet Jevons. It is not so many years ago that Ned Carver was winning him two selling races a week from October to March, and had he lived in these hard times he'd have been winning three. It's time he had another such.

Of the Leger there were not many astonishing tales, as there generally are after a Derby, of people who for odd reasons backed the winner for large amounts and need never work again. I am told a tale of one layer, however, who did drop in for a fair amount of it at a long price and came out a good loser on the race, a pretty aggravating result, the first two horses being what they were.

Bookmaking isn't all that it's cracked up to be, even though the majority of people seem to have had a bad meeting. There are far easier ways of getting money such as being the originators of the Swastika note case scheme or even sitting in a barrel, though perhaps the latter method is more comfortable and suitable for an æsthetic church dignitary than for a bookmaker of rather full habit.

Can you beat the tale of the man who with a perfectly straight face and the confirmatory evidence of his son affirmed that he had before the War in the palmy days of Russia ridden a steeplechase on the ice, and falling at the water came up at the open ditch!! This yarn was perpetrated not by the Baron Munchausen, or even an English peer of later date, but by a simple Newmarket trainer who had told it till he believed it.

No racecourse amenities anywhere in England have been so much improved as at Warwick, where Mr. Dawkins is manager. The paddocks and totalizator are spacious and well laid out and asphalt laid down everywhere instead of the soggy grass as heretofore. It is a pity that the lie of the ground makes only the last half of the long races visible, but the mound in the middle of the course is an insuperable obstacle. Captain Geoffrey Freer is newly employed as the handicapper at this meeting, and with a dead heat and a short-head finish on the first day he can look on his handiwork with satisfaction. Handicapping is extremely hard work, which receives more kicks than halfpence, and in many cases it is almost impossible to assess horses which have been running in the North and have no line to Southern form. Something in the luck of the game generally turns up to expunge any blots, and probably by the time this appears Bois, which is handicapped a stone or so better at Windsor than at Doncaster, will have got beat. Our congratulations to Mr. Alec Cottrill on his successes. He must have a long way the highest average of anyone riding, seldom rides anything but a winner, and never finds himself on a fat one as others less fortunate do at times.

The Doncaster Cup didn't shed much light on the Cesarewitch. Foxhunter at the weights cantered away with it, with old Brown Jack struggling gamely to be beaten a head for second place by Sandwich. This doesn't make Sandwich good enough to win it with top weight unless having been away from a race-course for two months he wasn't quite at top notch. Disarmament was out of it as soon as they started to make their run, and doesn't stay probably more than a mile and a half. Of the French horses I know nothing, and looking further down the list one meets two who blotted their escutcheons badly at



THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND

An excellent impression of the ex-Steward of the Jockey Club and an ex-Governor of Bengal, a rather more strenuous (and dangerous) job than controlling the destinies of racing

Doncaster—Rockliffe and Codicil—but I take this to be the true form of neither, though their ability to get the trip has to be taken on trust. Sigiri is a nice horse, bred to stay, but his only form is to have beaten Miracle before he had recovered from Epsom, and he has been given lots of weight for it. Blue Vision never runs a bad race but is a plodder, and the best handicapped horse in the race I make to be Son o' Mint, who was third last year to the exceptional Noble Star. He is unlikely to run up against one of that calibre this year and must be a good each way bet, at ante-post prices.

* * *

Lord Harewood's evidence before the Royal Commission on lotteries and betting was full of sound wisdom, though whether everyone is going to agree with him about sweeps is an open question. Lord Harewood, in putting forward the views of the Jockey Club, said that "the Jockey Club does not ask for, nor even support, the legalisation of sweepstakes. So far as the interests of racing are concerned the Jockey Club opposes it."

SPORTING FIXTURES



Truman Howell

AT THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HUNT GYMKHANA: CAPTAIN L. TWISTON-DAVIES, M.F.H. (THE MASTER), MISS O. LUCAS-SCUDAMORE, AND MISS G. LUCAS-SCUDAMORE



Truman Howell

MONMOUTHSHIRE METHODS: CAPTAIN AND MRS. DAVID CLEEVE AND MISS S. CLEEVE MAKE HASTE SLOWLY



Truman Howell

WITH THE HAWKSTONE OTTERHOUNDS: MR. PHILIP STANIER, MR. GERALD COVENTRY, LORD COVENTRY (THE MASTER), AND MR. G. B. TURNBULL



Anning

LIEUT.-COLONEL LANE-FOX AND MRS. J. L. INGHAM OUT CUB-HUNTING WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR

Various sporting occasions arrest the eye here. The top pictures concern the Monmouthshire Hunt Gymkhana, which took place at Llanarth Court and was voted a first-rate show. Its success was largely due to the organizing ability of Captain David Cleeve (seen here all tied up with somewhere to go), who had several original ideas for testing the skill and balance of competitors. Captain Twiston-Davies is Master of the Monmouthshire, and Miss Lucas-Scudamore and her sister are well known in Herefordshire hunting circles. When the group immediately above was taken the Hawkstone Otterhounds were meeting at Kenchurch. Lord Coventry has taken over the Mastership, succeeding Mr. Arthur Jones, the well-known former Master of the Worcestershire Foxhounds. Mr. Philip Stanier is Sir Alexander Stanier's brother. The Bramham Moor started the business of cub-bustling some weeks ago and were at Wetherby Grange when Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox was photographed. His family has been associated with this pack for generations and he himself had them for sixteen seasons

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Beach Books.

THEY say that the season which we most enjoy is the season during which we were born. So that an August baby loves the heat and a December one the fireside. I was born in a snowstorm, so you can imagine how perfectly "happy" I was during the recent heat wave! Indeed, I have decided that of the two expeditions I would infinitely prefer to visit the North Pole than investigate the tropical jungle. I have an instinctive loathing of the kind of life which goes with intense heat, insects, perspiration, and insomnia. I shudder at those strange creatures which appear from nowhere, but have a penchant for crawling up your legs, and are always so intensely sociable wherever you may happen to be. Wasps, too, are for me something between an abomination and a flying terror. I hate the way in which they refuse to take "no" for an answer. In fact, intense heat finds me like a wet rag lost to all sense of protest except to be left to simmer alone. My head feels full of boiled brains. I sit on a crowded beach hating the human herd, yet beyond all effort to escape. So I try to amuse myself by watching humanity, which seems to get uglier as we grow older. "There's nowt so queer as fowk" is indubitably true. People lying about on beaches always look as queer as people look lying in bed. Indeed, some people seem to treat beaches as a mere preliminary to bed. It is amusing to see how they issue from their hotels and boarding-houses with the best intentions in the world. They are going to do this, they are going to do that. The women bring their sewing and their books, the men their newspaper and their writing-pads. It is going to be a restful morning, but not a wasted one. Oh, dear, no. Yet at the end of two or three hours they return to their hotels and their boarding-houses, having done absolutely nothing. And my sympathies are all with such laziness. Such a high percentage of life is composed of doing things which we don't want to do, that when the opportunity does arrive to do exactly as the heart desireth, seize it, sez I! I have been seizing quite a number of such moments lately. I regret none of them. That is one good thing about intense heat, even conscience is exhausted by it. Far, far too limp to love, laugh, and live, as the blameless pierrot sings at least three times every day on the sands, and nobody has murdered him yet though, all unwittingly, he runs his risks! Still, something had to be done about it. I had brought out at least three books to read, and although the lady sitting close beside me had thrown down an Aldous Huxley and her male companion had discarded an old Edgar Wallace, and at least two Ethel Dells and one ancient Mrs. Henry Wood lay open and half covered by sand nearby, not for me that morning the closed eye and the dental exhibition. I had to make a start. Well, Mr. Geoffrey Bles had sent me a specially early and uncorrected proof of a new novel called "Jubilee," by Jeffery Marston and, as this was in a paper cover only, it promised the least exhaustion to hold. You see, I had just finished Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, "The Fortress," and the weight of it brought it less within the sphere of literature and closer to the category of luggage. As a matter of fact, it was really too hot to read anything. The antics of the fat lady in the skin-tight pyjamas were as funny as any Wodehouse, and her determination to capture at all cost somebody's roving gaze as exciting as any Oppenheim. Judge of my surprise, then, when I tell you that I had not read twenty pages of "Jubilee" before I had realized that it is a novel of extraordinary merit. Most novels you read and forget. You don't live with the characters a moment after you have finished with them. You are secretly relieved when whoever has been trying for ever so long to get somebody else, gets him, or her, and that's that. With Mr. Marston's story, however, I lived with the characters over and over again after the tale itself was finished. It is a book of remarkable charm and so true



MO-BOATING ON THE THAMES

Chas. E. Brown

Dr. Harold Dearden, the author, and Miss Phyllis Barnet, who is well known on the films out for a bit of a blow in Mr. Stuart Bennett's motor flyer, the "Lady Fairly." There are lots of worse ways of filling in your hours of ease

to life that it seems almost like autobiography. And yet—what is it all about? Well, it is the story of one of those old family servants who come as a young Nanny and die in the devoted service of their first employer a lifetime later. Not very thrilling that, you may say, yearning to be startled at any cost. No, not thrilling, as you may understand thrills. But thrilling if life itself is thrilling. Not what one has done but what one has felt and endured make up romance and adventure. Mr. Marston has immense gifts. His style is so simple, his means so economical, that it is only at odd moments when one realizes how he has us in his grip; that he is making us smile or suffer, keeping us all the time in suspense with no apparent effort. So unconsciously the whole Pardew family becomes as real as people we actually know, and Martha Statt, the girl who came to them as a nursery-help when they were poor, and remained with them, sharing all their vicissitudes of fortune, their tragedies, their sorrows, until her tragic death, and whose life-story the tale is, is no figure of fiction at all; but one of those wonderful people who live unheeded and unsung, who yet keep the world sane and the heart faithful—a beautiful character beautifully drawn. Everyone in the story lives, in fact. They are not extraordinary people, but if they are everyday they are absolutely true and this, for a writer, is a much more difficult accomplishment. Not for a long time has a novel absorbed me more deeply or left a more tender, more vivid memory behind it than "Jubilee."

* * *

The Soldier Who Became a Priest.

Not ours to ask if a good priest is of more use to the world than a good husband; ours only to accept the reality of a religious call, and to believe that the man or woman thus bidden has chosen the better part. "Magnificat" (Burns and Oates. 7s. 6d.), by the late René Bazin, is one of those charming stories of religious propaganda for which the French writer is chiefly popular. You cannot possibly quarrel with it, no matter what you believe or refuse to do so. It is all so gentle, so spiritual, and withal so kindly and human. Briefly it is the tale of a young peasant who goes to the war, and, in the midst of the fighting, hears a distinct call to become a priest. He had had an earlier vision of this vocation, but when it had come to him then he was engaged to a girl, Anna, his cousin, and they were deeply and purely in love with each other. The vision on the battle-field, however, convinces him, and when he returns home

(Continued on p. 486)



Pearl Freeman

MRS. J. NOWELL DOWNES

The daughter of the famous novelist, Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, who has recently given birth to a son. Mrs. Nowell Downes was formerly Miss Geraldine Phillips Oppenheim

"LONG JOHN'S" GAME!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"Wot a fuss they make about this 'ere yo-yo; why I remember yo-yo thirty years ago. Yo-yo and a bottle of rum, as the sayin' was"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

it is to bring much secret suffering and disappointment to those who love him best, and especially to Anna, who resents his decision. However, at last, even she is won over. She too is intensely religious, and gradually something of her lover's spiritual ecstasy enters also into her heart, though it means the earthly renunciation of all her hopes. By many small sacrifices she contrives to help him in his education, providing the means for his priestly training. Thus she and the young man's family unconsciously begin to build up their own lives around his spiritual calling. It is a simple, charming tale; full of those brief but beautiful descriptions of rural scenery and peasant character for which René Bazin is noted and which in this present story reveal him at his best. But if the story be one for happy solitude, it is not a novel for the vulgar beach. Rather for some lonely garden, or field, or hillside, all of which seem so very much nearer the eternal verities than anything man-made or man-frequented.

* * *

A Proper Beach Book.

However, you may take "Concealed Turning" (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), by Rosemary Rees, into any crowd without the least danger that your environment will jar. For one thing, although the book is primarily a love story, and not a very convincing one, or at least, not one which will disturb you by its perplexities in the slightest, it is also something of a guide book. The heroine, Dulcie, runs away from her engagement to a rich friend of her family, and incidentally, to the great annoyance of her match-making grandmother, to go on a motor-coach tour through Devon and the West Country. The driver is a handsome and delightful man, whom I was not in the least surprised turned out eventually to be the uncle of a baronet, whose length of lineage had almost vanished in the mist of centuries. And this was just as well, perhaps, because for a long, long time Dulcie had many difficulties to contend with, thanks to her station in life and the apparently lower one of her young man, to say nothing of her family's snobbery. The discovery of his real social station, however, saved the situation, and gave her a delightful husband. Thus the story ends. Oh, yes, an ideal beach book when the brain is slowly cooking, and the emotions ask only to be left unstirred. You can go to sleep on such a novel as this and wake up thoroughly refreshed and quite eager for another chapter.

The Evils of Meddling.

If there be a moral in Netta Muskett's novel, "Nor Any Dawn" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), it is this: Don't meddle. If a thing is good, let it alone; if it is bad, stand aside and wait. Karen Hope, however, never learnt wisdom. She was a woman of many troubles. Only when her husband was in prison was life comparatively peaceful. His return, however, coincided with the discovery of their daughter, Olwen's, affair with her elderly employer, Barry Maddox, who was scarcely on speaking terms with his wife. Karen went to intercede for her daughter, but

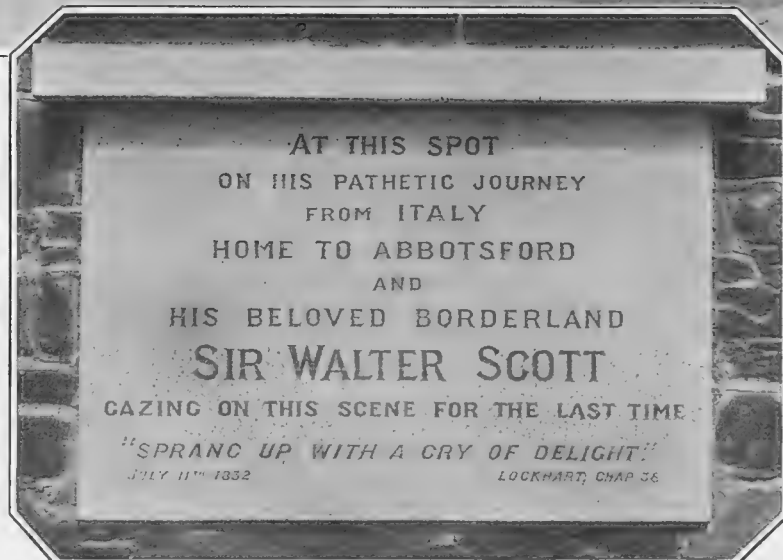
alas! at the end of that interview with Barry they both fell instantaneously in love with each other—a most unexpected situation. However, eventually they arrange to spend a holiday together in France, and might have done so had not Mrs. Maddox discovered the plan. There was a rumpus, and she threatened divorce. At which Karen, who seemed to have a penchant for difficult interviews, went to see her, and was afterwards arrested for murdering the lady. And she might have been hanged, too,

had not her unpleasant husband committed suicide, confessing that he alone killed Mrs. Maddox. Which left the way clear for Karen and Barry to go on a real honeymoon; the only fly in that bit of amber being when Barry discovered that Karen was not so entirely guiltless of his first wife's death as he had believed her to be. Well, this is just a story, but it is quite a good one of its kind.

Another—Just a Story.

"Pyjamas for Drusilla" (Wright and Brown, 7s. 6d.), by Elizabeth Watt, is full of incident but no surprises. Drusilla lives with some dear aunts in a lovely Somersetshire home, but is bored. So she persuades her cousin and guardian to let her have some of her capital to start a smart little shop in Mayfair. She has had no experience, but for a time all goes well. Alas!

Drusilla soon joins the bright young nitwits, drinks cocktails daily, and dances all night. The shop soon begins to lose money. However, the villain to the rescue. He advances her money, and later on demands that which it is nicely supposed a girl cherishes dearer than her own life. What should Drusilla do? Enter the aforementioned cousin and a stalwart young lover to do battle in the nick of time. The villain is vanquished. She is saved. There is orange blossom as well as pyjamas for Drusilla. And quite a number of readers will really care!



Photographs by A. H. Robinson
IN MEMORY OF A GREAT FIGURE IN BRITISH LITERATURE:
SIR WALTER SCOTT

The top picture is "Sir Walter Scott's View" at Stowe, near Galashiels, and below, the Stone at Abbotsford, his home in the Borderland. Scott truly loved the Borderland where he dwelt, and the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch were present at the Centenary Commemoration. Scott died on September 21, 1832. He revered the "bald Buccleuch" as not only the kindest friend to himself and his family but also as the august chief of his clan. Part of the centenary celebrations were in the precincts of Melrose Abbey, where lies buried Michael Scott (or Scota) the Magician, who eventually died in the odour of sanctity.

ROUND THE SHOWS



THE LAST OF "CAVALCADE": MR. NOEL COWARD, MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN, AND MR. RAYMOND MASSEY

Walter Bird
(On left)—
MISS
RENÉE
GADD



MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN IN "RHYME AND RHYTHM" Stage Photo Co.

The last night of "Cavalcade" at Drury Lane was quite definitely "damp," as a number of people were overcome. It has been the wonder show of the year, and the vision of its author (Mr. Noel Coward) cannot be too highly extolled. Miss Adrienne Allen is the wife of Mr. Raymond Massey, and they were Mr. Coward's guests on the last night, as they were both in Hollywood when "Cavalcade" opened. Miss Naomi Waters is in the next Coward show, "Words and Music," which opened at the Adelphi last week. She plays Lady Blassington. Miss Renée Gadd is working on a film, "Double Trouble," at Elstree, but goes into "The Maid of the Mountains" very shortly. "Rhyme and Rhythm" at the Winter Garden is a show designed by Laddie Cliff and sent flying over (the footlights) by him and that clever wife of his, Phyllis Monkman. It is frankly a revue, and is full of some very good plums. If for no other reason everyone ought to go to the Winter Garden Theatre to hear Phyllis Monkman as a lady called "April"—and whom, of course, you won't identify—inditing an instalment of her life's history. This is what is known as a "wow," and so is the burlesque of the trio of celebrated musicians by Laddie Cliff, Basil Howes, and someone who is completely hidden by an enormous trombone



MISS NAOMI WATERS IN "WORDS AND MUSIC" Walter Bird

RELATIVITY



BY
WINIFRED GRANT.

" . . . her intercessions for the strengthening of his soul in the presence of the serene Buddha "

SHE was his Japanese wife. She had not always been his wife. Not, in fact, until the Bishop, who knew his people at home, had come out and told him that he was living in sin.

Did the Bishop suggest that he should marry her, then? Stevenson asked, wondering how the deuce the fellow had ferreted this out so soon.

The Bishop suggested nothing. He merely reiterated statements.

What, then, of the boy and girl at home, Stevenson asked, were they to have a Japanese step-mother?

"Deplorable," the poor Bishop had answered, genuinely horrified. "What," he finally asked, "would Rose think of it all?"

At the mention of Rose's name Stevenson had risen to go. No, he was not going to discuss Rose with any bishop or archbishop or any being raised to an ecclesiastical *n*th degree. If the archangel Gabriel himself. . . .

Stevenson stumbled home in the darkness, automatically striking the ground with his stick to terrorise passing snakes.

What would Rose think of it all? Rose who was all perfume and beauty. It was her death, he repeated bitterly to himself, that had first made him go to the dogs. But if a man lost paradise didn't he soon find himself in hell? Wasn't that the natural sequence? Wasn't it queer, though, that because he had so loved Rose he should saddle Rose's children with a drunken father?

He brushed away something wet on his cheek with a curse. Besides *was* it sin to be living with Ning-poo—the artless child? And wasn't it just because he was considering Rose's children that he hadn't married another European wife?

Not that any decent white woman would look at him now, he told himself bitterly, sodden wretch that he was fast becoming.

But how could he, even for a moment, think of another wife after Rose? No—there could be no other after such as she! And yet, and yet—what was that thought that was eluding him? Yes!—Rose's blazing indignation when that girl at Cambridge. . . . Ah! there was the house with the figure of Ning-poo silhouetted against the light within, peering anxiously out—for him he knew—into the darkness.

What would Rose have thought about brown women? Oh well a man must live somewhere.

Ning-poo ran to him with a little cry of joy and drew him in from the darkness.

The Bishop's wife found him unusually taciturn when she returned from her committee meeting. Yes, Tom Stevenson had been there.

"How was he?" asked Mrs. Grove, leisurely removing her gloves.

"Gone to the dogs," the Bishop told her bitterly, thinking of the blue-eyed boy whom he had known at Marlboro', "taken to drink, gambling and speculating by all accounts. Looks as though all that Cameron said is likely to be correct. Living with some Japanese woman who aids and abets him by praying to her god when he has some unusually heavy speculation on, and, according to Mr. Cameron, always bringing it off. Most unmoral if it were so, but the superstition of people believing such tales is beyond belief."

This peroration startled Mrs. Grove out of her customary placidity.

It was such traits of her fellow countrymen that cropped out in the most unexpected quarters that made her thank God she was married to a man who could not behave in an unbecoming manner, because of his profession. Why did white men, abroad? . . .

"I told him he was living in sin and ought to marry the woman," she heard the Bishop's voice droning on.

(Continued on p. 52)



LADY WARRENDER: A NEW PORTRAIT

Yevonde, Victoria Street

Very well known in Leicestershire, where she hunts with the three Melton packs, Lady Warrender also goes racing quite a lot, and, being unusually tall, generally finds visibility good, no matter how crowded the occasion. As the wife of the Member for Grantham, politics are among her more serious interests, and at electioneering times she has proved herself to be a tower of strength. Sir Victor and Lady Warrender, who live at Exton Park, near Oakham, are at present paying a round of Scottish visits. They have three boys, John, Simon and Robin

Priscilla in Paris



Studio Utujian

GERMAINE RISSÉ

A blonde and charming comédienne of the younger generation of the French stage. As a mere child she "created" the heroine in the French version of "Peg o' My Heart"

TRÈSCHER,—I ran up to Paris for the *première* of a new production at the Nouveautés, the translation of an English play, *Alibi*, taken by Michel Morton from Agatha Christie's novel. The French adaptation is by M. Jacques Deval, the brilliant author of *Etienne, Sabres de Bois*, and, more recently, of *Marie Galante*, that has had such a success in G.B. under the title of *Chérie*. *Alibi* has been renamed *Signo Bracoli*, and provided an agreeable entertainment, keeping us widely and pleasantly awake till the last curtain! Quite a record for the first *première* of the season, when, after weeks of open-air life, we easily find ourselves yawning in the close confinement of a hot theatre!

At my island home I find myself quite ready for book-and-bed by ten o'clock, and even the most lurid detective yarn hardly keeps me awake after the old church clock strikes half-past the hour! On my way back I spent a night at Niort! I needn't have done, but, my dear, the circus was in the town; brass band and flags flying and the market place alive with an excited crowd of yokels. Can you resist a "tent" circus? I can't. Wonderful people these touring circus folk! In a "town circus" one just gets a series of clever numbers, a variety programme of specialists. But "under canvas" the same performers go through three or four different stunts in the same evening. Bare-back riders appear, later on, as jugglers or clowns. Clowns and jugglers perform in musical numbers. The tight-wire specialist takes his turn as ring-master, and even the lion tamer "doubles" as strong man!

I spent the night at that amusing little pub in the high street, "Hôtel de Raisin de Bourgogne," where the food is so good, and once more made the acquaintance of the state bed-and-bath-room! The bath is actually in the bedroom, and the bedroom is a room of many shutterless windows. Windows that are

overlooked by neighbouring houses! A folding screen goes with this . . . and one's disrobing and ablutions are coyly conducted under its kindly shelter . . . unless one has absent-minded moments which sometimes prove embarrassing! I imagine that the neighbouring houses let out their rooms to the wags of the town . . . and subsidise the hotel management! I've known the place for the last ten years, and those shutters are always going to be put in "next week"!

Writing of village performances, I hear that nowadays there exists an association—"Le Théâtre au Village"! When ever a local mayor considers that his supporters need a little entertainment, he has only to write to headquarters and by return of post he is offered a whole repertory of plays to choose from. Operas, opéras-comiques, farces, comedies, dramas! Anything from *La Tosca* to the *Fille de Madame Angot*; *Précieuses Ridicules* to the *Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*! Usually these troupes consist of amateurs, and very excellent they are, too; but recently, since "the Profession" has come to feel the difficulties of these Hard Times, quite a few fairly well-known actors are on the lists! Not that they make anything more than their "expenses" out of the trip . . . but even that, it seems, is not to be disdained at the present moment!

And this reminds me: the latest news of the Guitry-Printemps divorce? My dear . . . business before displeasure! They will still continue to appear in the same programme at the Théâtre de la Madeleine



MARGUERITE MAYANE, BY "TOR"

This wonderful dancer will be well remembered for her fine performance in Strindberg's "Dance of Death" and Brückner's "Les Criminels." "Tor" has caught her as she appears in a new and daring scene in a Grand Guignol thriller in which she acts with remarkable intensity and plastic beauty

this autumn, since their contract with the management thereof only terminates in December. They will, however, not act in the same plays. The programme will consist of several short plays, one of which being *Mozart*, in which Yvonne will play the title-rôle which she created, but another actor will play the part that was Sacha's. Rather awkward, methinks, for the other members of the troupe, who will not dare to be seen speaking to Yvonne when Sacha is about, and *vice versa*, though, I gather, they will fear



MR. AND MRS. GILBERT FRANKAU ON THEIR HONEYMOON

Another Monte Carlo snapshot. The famous novelist and his wife were married in London recently, and are absorbing violet rays from the blue Mediterranean. Gilbert, it is believed, does not bathe in his wrist-watch

Sacha's displeasure more greatly than Yvonne's, for—let us remember—Sacha is a dramatist, and therefore a possible provider of rôles as well as an actor! Yvonne Printemps will probably appear at the Théâtre Marigny as soon as she is free from her present contract. No doubt in a modern musical comedy! With her beautiful voice, her charming acting, and her perfect carriage, she will, of course, have a huge success, and it is said that, in great secret, she has been learning to dance, and can now shake a leg with the best of the Tiller girls! Sacha is losing a wonderful partner from a professional point of view, but his new leading lady is having a greatly humanising effect upon him! He was actually seen with her the other evening at the Woolly Wild West show that is now "on" at the Buffalo Vélodrome just outside Paris, and another night they went to see Dumas' famous old blood-and-thunder drama, *La Tour de Nesles*, at the Odéon!! This reminds me of the days when Sacha and Charlotte Lyses, his first wife, used to go, night after night, to the Alhambra to see "Little Tich," and Sacha—the staid—used to laugh like a schoolboy.

These outings ought to do him good, for he had become a very glum-visaged personage off the stage.

... Echoes from the *Côte d'Azur* have reached me, in my Island retreat, of the deadly war that is being waged between two actresses: our one and only Mistinguett and a talented lady who is less well known to you, Très Cher, Mme. Cora Iaparcerie. The latter is the wife of Jacques Richepin, the son of the great poet of the same name. Ill health—a wonky heart—obliged her to retire from the

toil-and-moil behind the footlights a few years ago. She and her husband came to live on the Riviera, and they claim to have been the first

AT THE LIDO: ALICE NIKI- TINA

One of the most famous Russian dancers in the wide world posing specially for the camera gun-man at the Excelsior Palace Beach, at that nice sunny spot near Venice. When the Diaghileff Ballet was with us in London we saw this wonderful artist very often indeed, and let us hope that soon another chance of doing it under similar circumstances will come along



ALICE FIELD

Ufa

Who, though still only in her early twenties, is famous on both the Paris stage and the screen. Her first great winner was in "Shanghai Gesture," and she has since then played in many successes at the Théâtre Michel

to discover the summer possibilities of the *Midi*. Till quite recently Cora . . . (wasn't there a song in the dear, dull days before the War, that went: "Cora, Cora, captivating Cora"?) . . . was, in those days, the Queen of the Azure Coast! Her exuberant personality, her flamboyant head of hair, made her a very conspicuous figure wherever life was Gay! You know the sort of thing. Unfortunately, the bulk of a middle-aged "spread" came upon her, and at the same time Mistinguett, forsaking Deauville, slim and eternally lightsome on her feet, arrived with bag and baggage and admirers galore! She flashes from one end of the coast to the other . . . opens night clubs that are immediately the rage . . . dances like a two-year-old and leaves all her contemporaries (as to birthdays) simply gasping! Need I say more? The contest is quite unequal already . . . but it seems that "the crowd" is getting quite a kick out of it.

The only fly in the ointment—from "Mis's" point of view—is the presence of Josephine Baker, who is now, amongst the sun-burned maidens of Juan, almost a lily maid! Josephine, still in her early "twenties," is to be the star of the next Revue at the *Casino de Paris*, where she is extremely popular, and our dear "Mis" hates to be reminded that, though she herself may be queen of the Southern Night Clubs and a slim sylph compared to "Cora," she is no longer a queen in the eyes of the *Casino's* box-office! Pathetic but . . . "*que voulez-vous que je vous dise, moi?*" as dear John N. Raphael used to say!

With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.

AT MONTE: THE PRINCESS ILLYINSKA

A sunny picture of the beautiful wife of the Grand Duke Dmitri of Russia. The Princess is certainly one of the best-liked people on the Riviera. This snapshot was actually taken at the Country Club, where the Princess is one of the most constant patrons of the tennis courts. The Monte Carlo Country Club is the spot where pretty nearly everyone congregates and is one of the best found establishments on the Riviera



DIPPING PLACE AT MONTE CARLO

Mrs. Bobbie Howes, the wife of the famous comedian who is now making a lot of runs in that amusing piece "Tell Her the Truth," at the Saville Theatre, and Mr. Douglas Byng. Monte is still very full, very pleasant and very sunny, with hardly a suspicion of autumn

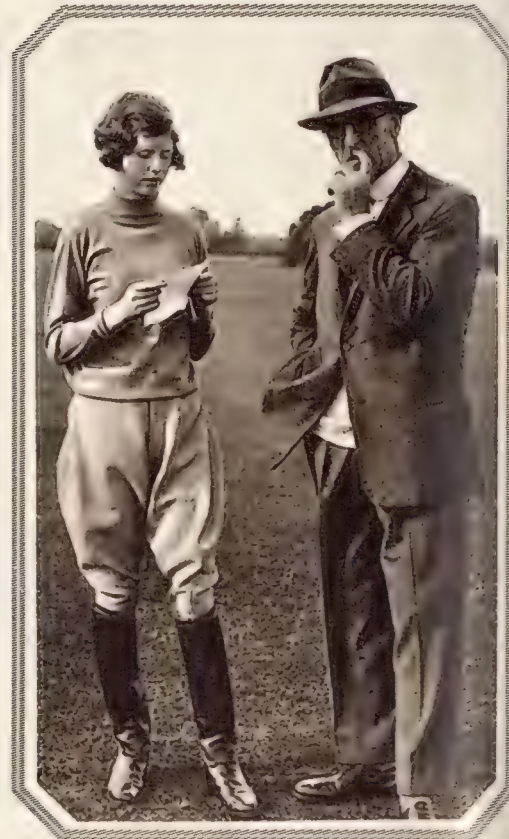
POLO AND PONY SPORTS IN BEAUFORTSHIRE



AT THE BEAUFORT POLO CLUB'S GYMKHANA: LADY KATHLEEN ELIOT



WATCHING POLO FINALS: MISS FLAVIA FORBES, MRS. PRIOLEAU AND MRS. DE FREVILLE



CAPTAIN THE HON. LIONEL LAMBART AND HIS DAUGHTER, MISS EDITH LAMBART



MAJOR T. J. LONGWORTH WITH MR. AND MRS. PHILIP DU CROS AND THEIR FAMILY AT THE BEAUFORT POLO CLUB AT NORTON



MRS. WILDER, MISS AURIOLE LLOYD, MRS. LLOYD, MISS PATRICIA BENTON AND CAPTAIN BENTON

These pictures were taken at one of England's most superior polo-playing centres, the Beaufort Polo Club at Norton, near Malmesbury. It boasts of no fewer than eleven perfect playing-grounds, so Major T. J. Longworth, the Manager and Hon. Sec., has plenty to do. The Autumn Cup Tournament, lately staged there, as usual drew a good gallery, the final tie between Halcombe and Starboard Lights (received 1½) resulting in a victory for the former team by 6 goals to 3½. A children's gymkhana was also organised, and provided lots of fun both for the audience and participants. Competitors included Lady Kathleen Eliot, the younger daughter of the late Lord St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Scott Douglas; Miss Edith Lambart, who is Lord Cavan's niece; Miss Patricia Benton, whose father was one of the Stewards; and Miss Auriole Lloyd. Miss Flavia Forbes, who watches polo with enthusiasm, is Lady Angela St. Clair-Erskine's younger daughter. Her engagement to Lieut. J. T. Currie, R.N., was announced in April

Photographs by Dennis Moss

COUNTRY LIFE AT CLANDEBOYE

Lord and Lady Dufferin
and Ava at home in
County Down



AFTER EXERCISING: LADY DUFFERIN
AND HER WELL-NAMED SILVER KING



WITH THEIR JOHN BULL
DOG: LORD AND LADY
DUFFERIN AND AVA

A warm welcome always awaits Lord and Lady Dufferin when they go over to Clandeboye, their place in Northern Ireland, for this popular young couple are immensely hospitable and add considerably to the gaiety of any neighbourhood in which they happen to be. Their little daughter, Lady Caroline Blackwood, was born in 1931. She is already an asset to society, being almost invariably good-humoured, and if she inherits the Guinness decorativeness and her father's brains (he was at Balliol), she should go far

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



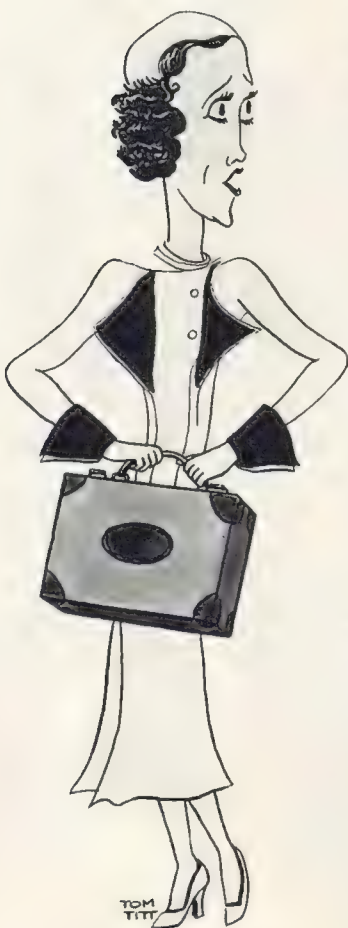
LADY CAROLINE BLACKWOOD
ENJOYS LOOKING PLEASANT

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

VERY
POLITE
FARCE

LUCK CHANGES AND ASSURANCE DOES IT: RALPH LYNN AND MORRIS HARVEY



WINIFRED SHOTTER

FIFTY-FIFTY has polish, but not much shine. The test of an Aldwych farce has come to be—does it give Ralph Lynn absurd opportunities enough, and does it either de-bag Robertson Hare, or inflict on his bald-headed benevolence equally extravagant indignities? In its new show, the old firm at the Aldwych does not supply these needs, through being much too polite.

The French authors have dug up from the Napoleonic past its pseudo-philosopher Azais, who held that a rule of compensation adjusted the balance between good fortune and ill. So Ralph Lynn, seedy music-master, starts his 35th birthday with dismissal, and ends it as resplendent manager of a plage. Nothing has gone right for him since birth; but 35 is the half of 70, the span of life. Azais has convinced him (since he learned that the name was not that of a Jewish restaurant in Soho) that Lady Luck will now smile.

Complications at the prospering plage come from the smiles upon Ralph of two more ladies, the promoter's wife and his lovely daughter—the latter engaged to a Vicomte whose imagination sends him frantic when he listens to her bath running (he worships the very water she bathes in). So Ralph Lynn loses his job to Robertson Hare, but recoups himself by letting the girl marry himself, instead of the Vicomte.

There are plenty of original ideas; as, for instance, the gramophone record, prepared by a female pupil, that makes a noise like a music lesson, so that she can fool unhindered with the master. As entertainment, *Fifty-Fifty* makes good mild fun; as a piece for the stage, it is too plausible for farce and too far-fetched for comedy. Ralph Lynn is suave in an opulent part, but Robertson Hare is indifferently provided. Mary Brough appears in the second act only for ten minutes of rich bombast, which appear to have been specially written in to keep her name on the old gang's programme. Morris Harvey is among the newcomers to this stock company, and works hard and well to keep the farcical tempo. Clive Norton ably does the chicken-brained Vicomte. It was pleasant to see Winifred Shotter back again as the ingénue. Although in this show her rouge seems to have been laid on with a large-sized trowel, her wide-eyed attraction makes her easily the best of the Aldwych young women who have come and gone.



ROBERTSON HARE

A BUTLER IN WONDERLAND



SYDNEY HOWARD has such a part as comedians dream of in their rapturous moments. The complete mechanism of *Night of the Garter* is timed and operated to give him laughs and comic ponderosity. Eight other players, mostly well known, must rush around at Brooklands speed, doing fantastic things, so that his slow solemnity in their centre may have its full contrast. And in the result the Strand Theatre is packed nightly, seats are already booked for Boxing Day, and with all lowbrow London waiting to see this farce, it—and the eight other players—cannot help running furiously for a year.

The garter in the title is a futile thing, introduced to excuse lunatic hide-and-seek on a wedding night. It contains the portrait of a non-husband of the bride, who for some flimsy reason or another must receive it back immediately. Arising out of which, three pairs of males and females tangle themselves into fantastic knots of concealment. Doors loudly bang on hiding places. Heads pop out of trunks, and pop back with a slam. Bodies rise up and down from barrels, sometimes with spinach on the head, sometimes with fertiliser round the feet. Grandfather clocks wander, animated sheets flit. Faces emerge from carts, cars, and bundles of straw. Barns burn. Underclothes and suspender belts hurtle all round the giddy place.

And what, in this wild west of the theatre, is the appropriate formula for dealing with a lady who has fainted in the barn, because her husband is innocently hiding in the straw with somebody else's undressed wife? Clearly, her limp figure must be tied with a rope and hauled up over a beam, thence to be jerked up and down during the rope-holder's shaphazard conversation, before she is removed in a wheelbarrow.

After the first hour it is not easy to remember, through the grotesque complications, which husband is hiding from what wife, and for which ridiculous reason. A score of mad disasters must arrive before the bride's husband discovers the garter and calls her Jezebel, Delilah, Tallulah. Yet more lunacy must happen before the honeymoon pair are finally left alone to be bedded.

Sydney Howard, butler, is the single person not injected with moonshine. He maintains a wildly decorous sanity. This may be wonderland (and

indeed, in manner and appearance, he resembles the frog footman of *Alice in Wonderland*), but his function is to remain the one unruffled human with a sense of the normal. Nothing, not even the apparition of a strange woman wearing his own tail-coat over a blanket and gum boots, can divert him from sedateness. When the telephone rings, after he has seen the clock suddenly walk, he remarks, "That'll be the telephone—yes, that's what that'll be." And when he finds the garter, and sees the non-husband's portrait framed in it, he merely remarks, "Nice little gewgaw—neat."

Half the play and more than half the production have been lavished on giving him good lines, effective business, and, above all, exact timing. It is the part of a comic actor's lifetime; but this does not lessen the personal merit that Sydney Howard brings to his extravagantly funny performance.

You, as the audience, begin with bewilderment over the furious action for faint motives. The bewilderment lasts only as long as reason can assert some slight claim on attention. After that (it survives for barely ten minutes) violent laughter stuns both reason and reasonableness, and casts them into a crazy asylum in which the inmates take charge. *Night of the Garter* has none of the cohesion, or grotesque plausibility, that helped the success of *Charley's Aunt* and *Tons of Money*; but its butler could make the Dean of St. Paul's, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mrs. Grundy unbend into helpless chuckles.

Angela Baddeley here proves, if proof be needed, that she is the supremely versatile one among young actresses. The sweet heroine of *Quality Street*, *Marigold* and *The School for Scandal* (who also played the realistic prostitute in *To Account Rendered*) hurries at breakneck pace into haylofts, barrels, ancient cabs, odorous horse-cloths, a battered bridal dress four sizes too large, and all sorts of frantic slapstick; and she makes the audience like it. Jane Welsh suits the harried bride, and pleasantly decorates the farce. The brothers Jack and Austin Melford rush around like anything, feeding Sydney Howard with chances. Connie Ediss, slightly plumper than she was in her great days just before the war, is just as comic and refreshing.



FAST, FURIOUS AND VERY ODD: FROM TOP—THE WALKING CLOCK, SYDNEY HOWARD, JACK MELFORD, JANE WELSH AND GARTER, CONNIE EDISS, HAROLD WARRENDER, HAROLD FRENCH, MORE SYDNEY HOWARD, MARJORIE BROOKS, AUSTIN MELFORD AND SOMETHING REMOTELY LIKE SWEET LITTLE ANGELA BADDELEY

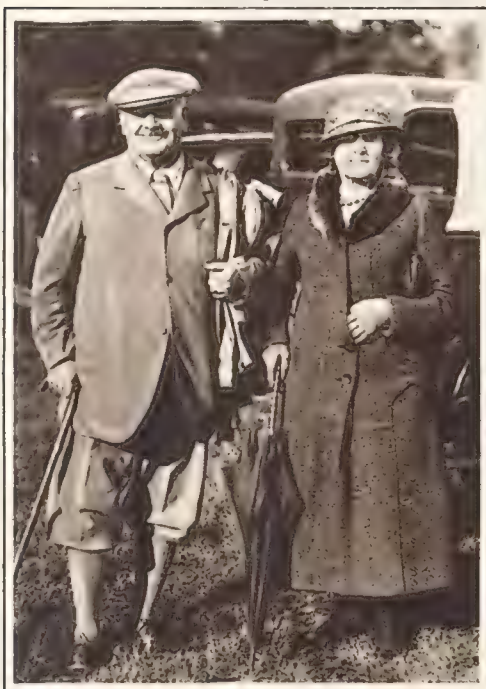
THE WILTON HUNT IN AN HOUR OF EASE



AT THE WILTON HUNT GYMKHANA:
Mrs. Tarleton, The Hon. George Herbert, Commander
Wrottesley and Lord Pembroke



NEAR THING! THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
(MARKER) AND MISS HOLROYD



LORD AND LADY BURNHAM



A CLOSE FINISH: MR. CLIFF AND MR. PARSONS



GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER GODLEY
AND SIR WESTROW AND LADY HULSE



DIRTY WORK IN THE MUSICAL CHAIRS CONTEST
Miss Vivien John, Miss Diana Bell and others

Royalty, as may or may not be observed, was in mortal danger when acting as a "marker" in the motor musical chairs race at the Wilton Hunt Gymkhana in Wilton Park, the seat of someone whom the Blues—and others—know more affectionately as "Reggie." Lord Pembroke went to India as a unit of the only polo team any Household Cavalry regiment has ever sent so far afield. This Gymkhana of a hunt of which a very great Quorn celebrity—Captain Frank Forester—used to be Master, was a big success. Mr. Cliff, who is seen having a blood-row with Mr. Parsons in the musical chairs race, is also a former Master of the Wilton. They have a lot of Down country and plenty of woodland

TWINKLING WITH ABDULLAS

Salisbury
'Turkish'
with the
HallMark
'Abdulla'



Salisbury
'Virginia'
with the
HallMark
'Abdulla'

THE LAST SNAP OF SUMMER

"Oh, bother that Girl!" a seagull shrieks,
"She has preened herself on my rock for weeks ;
No chance of a quiet life again
Till she whirls to Town in a storm of rain."

"'Let us take your portrait' the young men beg,
Though she hasn't a feather on chest or leg ;
She little guesses," the seagull mocks
"They are really snapping her Magic Box !"

F. R. HOLMES.

TRY THE NEW ABDULLA SALISBURY
'TURKISH' OR 'VIRGINIA'
ONLY 5/- A HUNDRED

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK—SOM



Left to right: "STEVE," "TOMMY," "MICKEY," "HARRY,"

The surnames of these gentlemen, who have been adding to turf history, and will continue to do so until after the Manchester-November who is so far out in front for the championship again tha

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of

SOME OF THE FIRST FLIGHTERS



By "The Tont"

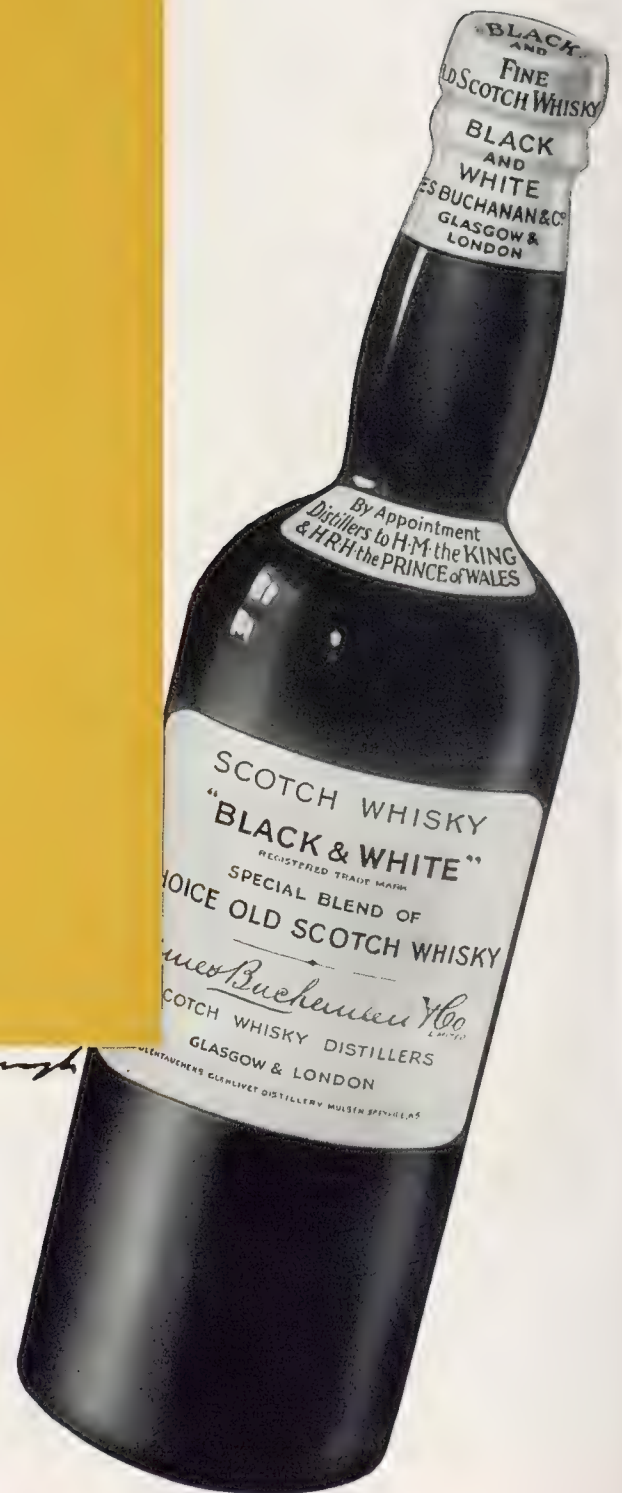
HARRY," "JOHNNY," "JOE," "FREDDY," AND "GORDON"

ster November Handicap is run, are each to each: Donoghue, Weston, Beary, Wragg, Dines (in the stirrup-iron), Childs, Fox, and Richards, ship again that no one has an earthly chance of catching him

the offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra



IN friendly BOUTS
MAKE THE FIRST "ROUND"
"BLACK & WHITE"



THE LAST WORD FROM FILMLAND



CAROLE
LOMBARD

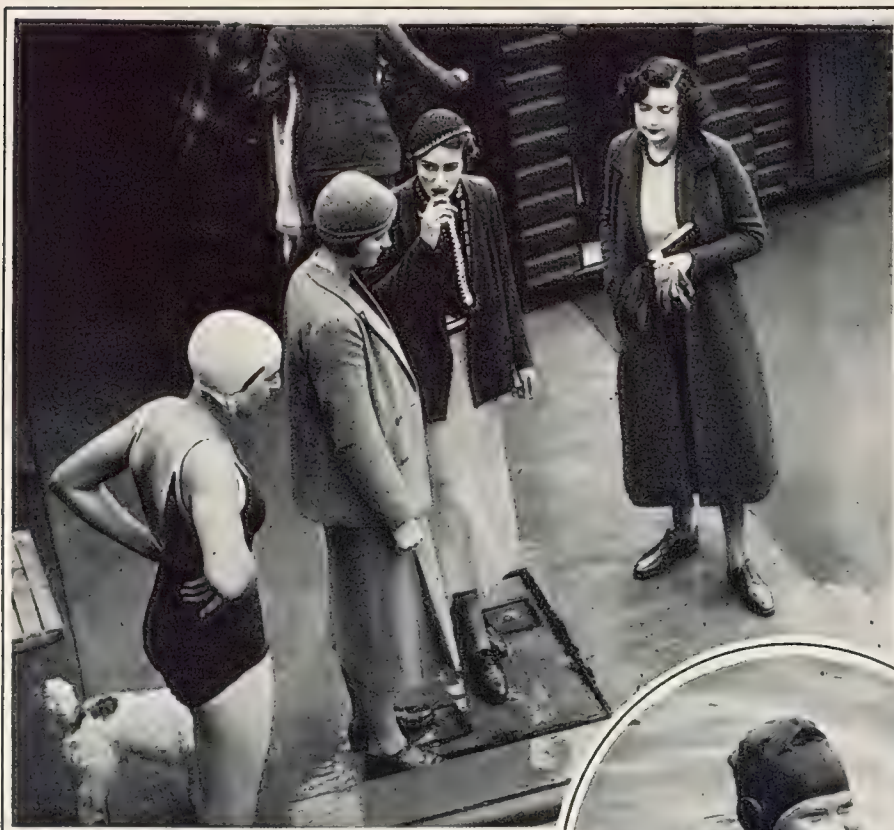


THREE JOLLY BRITISH (S)TARS: CLIVE BROOK,
RONALD COLMAN AND HERBERT MARSHALL

ELISSA LANDI IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

That intense play, "The Sign of The Cross," which is in process of manufacture by Paramount, ought to make an amazingly good picture, as the scope is tremendous, and the sound effects alone ought to be a great asset, for Marcus Superbus' last big scene is where he is about to be eaten by the lions, after saying farewell to Mercia, who in the picture will find a very beautiful interpreter in Elissa Landi. Frederick Marsh, Claudette Colbert and Charles Laughton are others in a very strong cast, and it should be a winner from the word "go." Carole Lombard's latest film was "Sinners in the Sun," and she wore her hair as seen in the top picture—and very becoming it is. The three famous British film actors were taken specially by request of Ronald Colman when he had a tennis party at his Hollywood house

NORTH BERWICK'S VISITORS



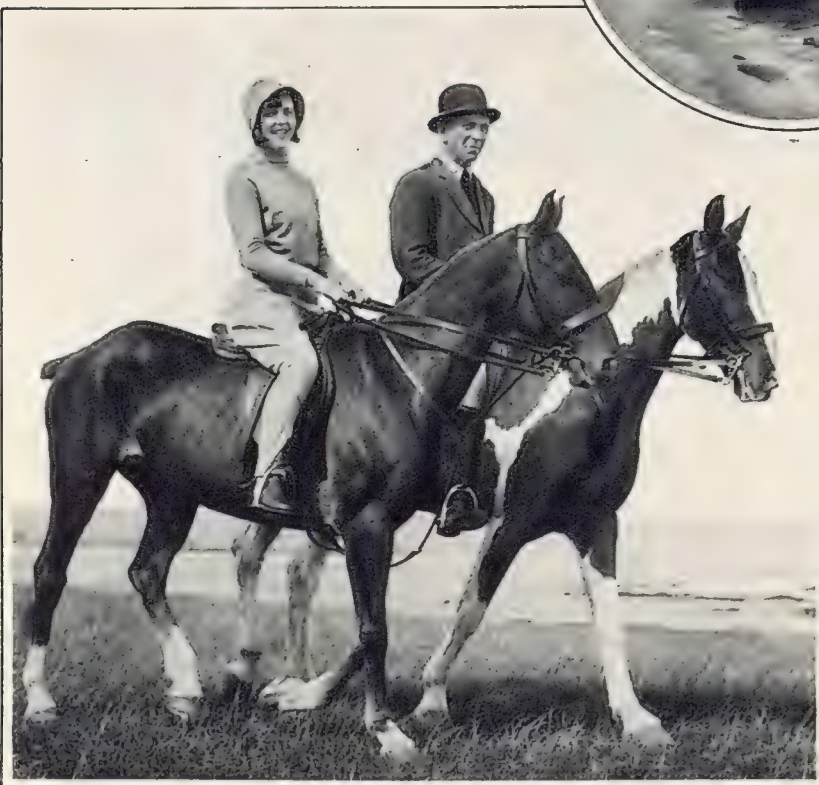
AT THE BATHING-POOL: MISS ALINE DE GUNSBURG, MISS PEG AND MISS PAMELA DEUCHAR, AND LADY MARY CREWE-MILNES

ON THE RIGHT: MISS PRISCILLA BULLOCK



THE HON. SIR HARRY STONOR AND MRS. SYDNEY LANE ON THE LINKS

North Berwick has signalled a very successful season and reports the arrival of that noted Court personality, the Hon. Sir Harry Stonor, in the latest list of distinguished visitors to the links. The bathing-pool has also been well patronised, Lord Derby's granddaughter, Miss Priscilla Bullock, being in fine swimming fettle. Miss de Gunsbourg, Baron Pierre de Gunsbourg's daughter, came south last week for the Girls' Golf Championship



TAKEN FOR A-RIDE: MISS JOSIE ANDERSON OF U.S.A.

There are good opportunities for horse exercise at North Berwick, and Miss Josie Anderson, a light-hearted young American actress, has been taking full advantage of them. Golf is, however, the chief occupation for the majority of visitors, and Major-General Sir John Ponsonby and Lord Newton's daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Sandeman, find it particularly pleasant. Sir John, who comes from Cumberland, was formerly G.O.C., Madras District

Photographs by Balmain



MAJOR-GEN. SIR J. PONSONBY AND THE HON. MRS. SANDEMAN

IN THE BLUE INLAND SEA



AT BRIONI: CAPTAIN LESLIE HARRIS, THE POLO MANAGER,
AND MISS VIOLET HIBBERT



CRUISING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN:
DR. AND MRS. H. COSTLEY WHITE
AND THEIR DAUGHTER



LORD AND LADY D'ABERNON
ABOARD THE S.S. "QUEEN MARY"



PHYSICAL JERKS AT SEA: MR.
AND MRS. JACK DUDLEY RIDER



Photographs by Charles H. Brown
IN THE DARDANELLES: MR.
AND MRS. TRUSTRAM EVE

Most of these pictures were taken aboard the S.S. *Queen Mary* when she was on a cruise up the Mediterranean as far as Greece and Constantinople, with the Hellenic Travellers Club as part of her ship's company. There are not many pleasanter sea-roads, when the weather behaves itself, than the bluest sea in the world. At times, as some of us know, even the Atlantic has nothing on the Mediterranean and the Adriatic in the way of really bad tempests—but when it is fine you cannot beat it. Brioni is the place where the Navy plays polo when it is away from its main polo base at Malta, and it is a very delectable spot. Captain Leslie Harris runs the polo very well. Dr. Costley White, who was one of the *Queen Mary's* passengers, is headmaster of Westminster School. Lord and Lady D'Abernon need no introduction. Mr. Trustram Eve is a son of the famous judge, and, as he was serving on the staff during the Gallipoli operations, the coast-line was naturally very interesting to him as the *Queen Mary* steamed up the Dardanelles bound for Constant

Pictures in the Fire "SABRETACHE" By

THE inevitable has happened yet once again! There was once upon a time a man whose name was Hasan al Sabah, who lived in a castle called Alamut, on the shores of the Caspian, and whose favourite pastime was the destruction of the Unbeliever. He made himself peculiarly unpleasant to the Crusaders, and his light cavalry were principally responsible for the annihilation of a whole division of the First Expeditionary Force, whose main objective was Jerusalem. Hasan al Sabah was the head of a sect of Ismailians called "The Assassins," and he was called "The Old Man of the Mountains." Thomas Atkins of those days called the enemy The Paynim, just as his successor calls some other enemies "Paythans."

Just 836 years ago or thereabouts, Hasan laid out those gallant Crusaders and fairly distributed them to the four winds of heaven. On the 7th of this month Hasan al Sabah's direct descendant did exactly the same thing in a gentler manner at a place called Doncaster. His gallantry permitted a lady to have a small look in, but otherwise he dominated the situation quite as completely as did his picturesque ancestor in the eleventh century. It must be stated, before going any further, that Hasan al Sabah's distinguished relative has never been connected in any way with the same kind of business as was carried on by the Old Firm whose head office was Castle Alamut, and that he has never even tasted the

or gaggle of grouse getting up with a whirr and scream under the horses' noses might frighten them, and seriously interfere with the result of the race, to say nothing of the



ALSO: LADY HILLINGDON, MRS. JIMMY ROTHSCHILD AND THE HON. MRS. HENRY TUFTON

Lady Hillingdon is one of the Cadogan sister's and the wife of the Master of the Grafton. Mrs. Jimmy Rothschild is as well known in racing as Tattenham Corner, and Mrs. Henry Tufton married Lord Hothfield's heir

favourite cocktail of those times, *hashish*; but it is, in a way, a strange repetition of past events that he should have made this devastatingly clean sweep of the opposing cavalry up Yorkshire way.

As there seems to be a little misconception in some quarters as to the geography of Yorkshire, it may be as well to state quite definitely that the Leger is not run over what are called "the Yorkshire Moors." There is a very good reason for this. A swarm, flock, flight, covey



A RE-ECHO OF DONCASTER: LT. COL. AND LADY DONATIAS GETHING

On the last day of that brilliant Leger meeting last week, at which all the world and his wife (pretty nearly) congregated. Lady Donatias Gething is the third of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam

great annoyance it would cause to the jockeys. Doncaster Town Moor does not march with Bolton Abbey Moors, Blubberhouses or Bromhead. The pop of the rifle is never heard on the Doncaster course. Grouse (at a price) can be had for lunch, nevertheless.

There is something further in connection with this horse-racing business: I understand that Mr. Jasper Maskelyne does not think a lot of "the magic of Orwell." May he not, however, have overlooked this colt's value as an aid in the famous cabinet trick? It is the one when someone is put inside, then bangs a tambourine and blows a cornet to show that there is no deception—and then completely disappears. The "intelligence" about this steed was most confusing: the day before we were told that Manton favoured him to a man; a few hours later we were assured they nearly hated the sight of him. Alas the poor backer! It is almost as bad as box-fighting.

A says: "Boloney all his talk! You watch me put the Skids under him!"

B says: "Tell him to order the flowers!"

One of them usually is proved a liar. Again, alas the poor punter!

I am asked to remind all those concerned that the Annual Dinner and Dance of the 15th Hussars "Old Comrades" Association will be held at Harrods Restaurant, Knightsbridge, S.W., on Saturday, October 1 next, at 6.15 p.m. Brigadier-General A. Courage, D.S.O., M.C., Colonel of the Regiment, will preside. Any further information can be obtained from Mr. E. Roberts, 49, Crophorne Road, Shirley, Birmingham.

Brigadier-General Courage, who is far better known as Giles, was given command of the regiment in succession to the late Lt.-General Sir William Peyton. Giles used to be the No. 1 of the regimental polo team, was also a very good jockey between the flags, and still goes the best in the Bicester country. Also has broken his neck!

(Continued on page viii)



AND: THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND THE HON. MRS. RUPERT HARDY

The Duke of Marlborough's best horse during the past season was the three-year-old Andrea, which, like Lord Rosebery's Miracle, was a cheap one. The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy is a sister of the present Lord Hindlip, and her husband is a son of Major Bertram Hardy, the ex-Master of the Meynell



YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT
GILBEY'S
SPEY ROYAL

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A TRAMP called at the door and asked the woman who answered it for some food.

"Yes," she said, "I might manage to give you something to eat if you'll saw and chop a pile of wood, and bring in a few buckets of water, and clean up the back yard, and fix up the front fence."

"Madam," said the tramp, turning away, "I'm only a 'ungry wayfarer. I ain't yer 'usband."

An English comedian who prided himself upon his imitation of a Scottish accent was invited to dinner by a Glasgow business man.

During the evening the Englishman told stories in his best Scots accent, and then, thinking to spring a surprise on the party, he said to the host: "What part of Scotland would you say I come from?"

The host replied very gently: "Penzance."

The weary hiker had lost his way and had inadvertently entered a private road. Suddenly he was confronted by a very rotund and irate bailiff.

"Look here, young man," shouted the bailiff, "you go back! You'll not proceed except over my dead body!"

"Oh, all right!" replied the walker. "If it's like that, I'll go back. I've done quite enough hill-climbing for one day!"

A man applied to a film producer for a job as a super.

"If you want me at all," he said, "you had better put me on the salary list right now. There are a lot of other companies after me."

"Oh?" answered the director, who had heard that tale before. "And what companies are they?"

"Well—er—" stammered the other, "the electric light company, the gas company, and the telephone company."



"US" AND A FRIEND: MISS LORRAINE JOHNSON ("THE TATLER") AND MISS EILEEN JOHNSON ("THE SKETCH")

These two costumes dead-heated for first honours for originality at the fancy ball on the P. and O. *Viceroy of India*, when she was on a recent cruise to the northern ports. Both these attractive fancy dresses were "made on board," and the achievement, as will be agreed, was a pretty good one in each case



AT CAP MARTIN: MISS BUNTING STEVENSON

Snapped in the sun on the terrace of a charming villa at Roquebrune, where she has been staying lately

at his boots proudly, "they were such a bargain. They were three sizes bigger than I usually buy, but the same price."

An Irishwoman was consulting a lawyer with a view to obtaining a divorce. "There aren't many grounds for divorce, you know," said the man of the law. "Has he been cruel to you?"

"Huh, it's me that wouldn't be givin' him the chance," replied the woman.

"Well, has he deserted you?"

"What, and me kapin' him?"

"Well, what about his infidelity?"

"Aha, now!" said the woman triumphantly, "that's where we have him entoiely. Shure, he drives me looney wid his attempts to play the fiddle."

"Doctor," said the patient, "if there is anything the matter with me, don't frighten me to death by giving it a long scientific name, but just tell me what it is in plain English."

The doctor examined the man thoroughly, and then said: "Well, to be quite frank, there's nothing the matter with you. I should say you were just lazy!"

The patient looked rather discomfited, and said: "Now give me the scientific name for it—the longest name you've got. I've got to report to my employer."



LADY FURNESS AT BIARRITZ

At the Villa Clara, where she was one of Mrs. Lawson Johnson's house-party at the time that the Prince of Wales and Prince George were also Mrs. Lawson Johnson's most distinguished guests

Bert was a farm labourer, and on Sundays always sported his best clothes. One Sunday, however, he was seen wearing a brand-new pair of boots that were much too big for him.

"Hullo, Bert!" called out an acquaintance. "My, but ye're smart this morning! But why did ye get such big boots?"

"Well, Jim," said Bert, looking down

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Argentina,
the celebrated Spanish Dancer says

"The Belt by Roussel is a marvel"

The numerous artistes and fashionable women who wear belts designed for them by Roussel are unanimous in their enthusiasm for this exquisite garment.

Very light, supple, without bones or lacing, a Belt made by J. Roussel, the master corsetier of Paris, is slipped on in a few seconds, fits your body like a glove, adapts itself to every movement, moulds the figure to beautiful line—slims you, and keeps the body young.

Woven in fine resistant elastic tricot with its Brassiere in hand-made lace, it enhances the elegance of your frocks and gowns, and being décolleté at the back, is perfectly adapted to evening wear.

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THE H.A.C. TEAM v. RICHMOND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

This match was played on the Armoury House ground at Finsbury, and the Richmond Schools beat the H.A.C. by 45 runs. G. S. Hoghton (48) was top scorer for the soldiers. In the group, left to right, are: Back—Dare (umpire), R. L. Charlesworth, A. L. Collins, L. A. Dunthorne, J. McDermid, R. E. Carey, R. W. Glead, and B. Hart (scorer). Sitting—G. S. Hoghton, P. L. Frith, Stanley Taylor (captain), A. S. Goole, and D. K. Rigby

Fine Stuff.

I WISH I had not to use this as an introduction, but the fact is that I am and always have been a bird of passage. England is so delectable that Mrs. P. V. and I want to live all over it; given a bit of luck we could cover all, or most, of the counties that we have not, so far, patronized. Now the consequences of this perpetual moving, which, you are to understand, is not the fault but simply the nature of the beast, are various. One is that I get my copy of *THE TATLER* two days late, because it has to be twice forwarded. Another is that they hold me up to mild ridicule at my ancestral home. But this I do not mind in the least, because it gave comfort to one whom I loved beyond expression. My mother, long afflicted with insomnia and gaining no solace from the counting of sheep, attempted the mental exercise of rehearsing all the addresses at which I had lived. Morpheus, she solemnly affirmed, always overtook her before she had got to the twenty-fifth. Mrs. P. V., when put to it, can never score more than seventeen; I myself am a bit hazy about three or four—you know, I can't quite remember whether they were my own or the houses of friends—but my "par" of the course is about twenty-eight. I was put in mind of this the other night when, in order to get myself to sleep, I started to count the enterprises in which Sir William Morris bears a commanding hand. And I left out a big one, but the gap was filled next day when I saw the Morris sound-film, the visible and audible sign of a man of unlimited push-and-go. Of its kind, this is far and away the best thing that has happened. It is propaganda, of course (why not?), but it is straightforward, honest, and genuinely interesting propaganda. I do not pretend to be a film fan, but so far as I am concerned you can keep all your Garbos (I hope this is the correct plural) and your Fairbanks (which I am certain is not) if you will reserve for me the picture of those two Morris Tens, in the most perfect formation, climbing Blue Hills Mine, Beggar's Roost, Hard-knott Pass, Urry's Pet, Bwlch y Groes, Park Rash, and all those vile pimples that compel trials drivers to tear their medal cards up. Such pictures as these I have never seen before. It was a pretty hard-bitten audience that gaped at them at the Phoenix Theatre, but that hard-bitten audience was thrilled to the kidneys. Naturally, a good deal of this show was on the technical side, and in some parts machinery was just a leetle, leetle bit prominent, but always so well presented that it was intensely interesting. W. M. W. Thomas was chiefly responsible for a brilliant piece of work. As a director he has the makings of a C. B. Cochran. As commentator,

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

protagonist, and actor (with a false moustache through which my eagle eye penetrated), those of a Chevalier. This film, I am told, is to go all over the country and also overseas. My advice is, when you have the chance, go and see it, for it is insidiously instructive and primarily entertaining. By the way, the whole shoot was done by amateurs. Perhaps it is their new, bold vision that is so refreshing. But see the film and judge for yourselves. I have never seen anything that came within streets of it.

With Apologies.

Kindly mark how I am endeavouring to become the really, and truly newspaper correspondent. "On the eve of the Olympia Show I am able now to reveal several secrets that would have continued to be secrets had I not, by a favourable chance, been in a position to reveal them. It is well known that several people in Coventry, London, Oxford, even Manchester, have secrets. When I reveal them it will be conceded that they are quite revolutionary. A prominent maker whose name begins with one of the letters of the alphabet took me into his confidence the other day. I told him frankly that all his revelations would be taken down and used in evidence against him. He said, 'Did you say "relations"?' They would be, in any case.' He took me into his secret experimental department, and there revealed to me a new model. 'It is our five-wheeler,' he said in a whisper. 'That wheel you see at the back is normally carried well clear of the ground, but it can be brought into action in case it is desired to move the car sideways. I have, so far, only revealed it to you, and I must tell you that those telephones upon which you are cocking your eye are not only inter-departmental, but also out of action.' After this I passed on to another important factory, which belched up its secrets in such a tremendous eructation that I was positively overwhelmed. Many of the secrets with which they have been veiled are now,

(Continued on p. xiv)



THE RICHMOND PUBLIC SCHOOLS TEAM

The combined scholars who, in the "holiday" cricket series, whacked the Honourable Artillery Company after a close fight by 45 runs. Their opponents are seen in the picture above. In this group, left to right, are: Standing—P. Dodd (Wimbledon College), F. L. Abbott (Emanuel), M. E. W. Tyndall (Bradfield), B. H. Belle (Forest), G. R. Fennell (St. Paul's), A. A. Dilnot (K.C.S., Wimbledon). Sitting—T. G. P. Geary (Dulwich), H. D. King (Taunton), W. Burton (Kingston) (captain), P. F. Judge (St. Paul's), and A. G. Horton (Stonyhurst)

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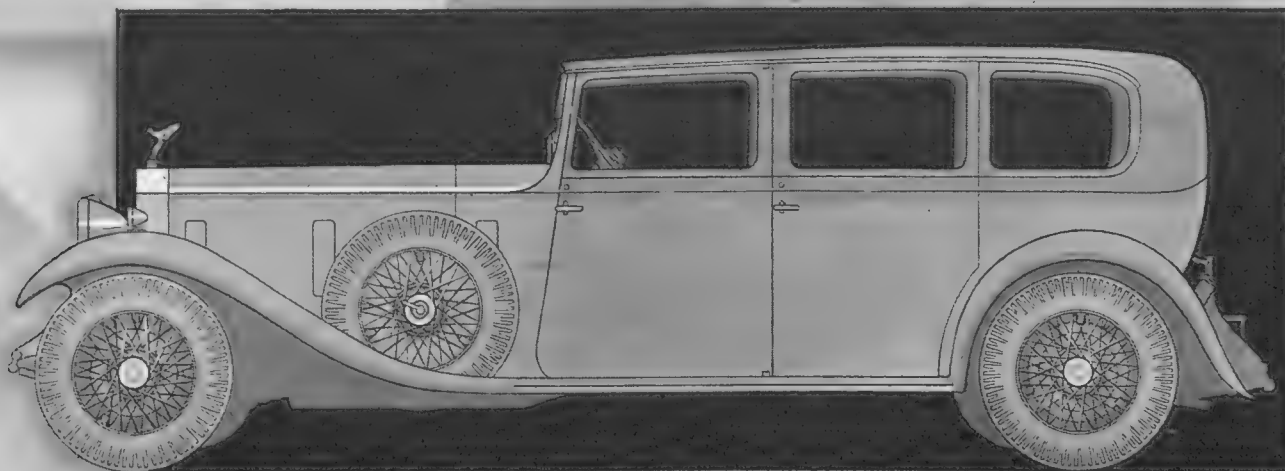


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Relativity—continued from p. 485

"Marry her?" cried Mrs. Grove, now thoroughly alarmed. "Good gracious, Roger, whatever made you think of such a thing? Whatever would become of Dorothy—it wouldn't matter for Frank so much—she'll be old enough to come out here in a year or two."

The Bishop was crosser than she had ever seen him in the nineteen years of their married life. "It is a hopeless position," he said, "and one can only see one step at a time." "We can see no way out of it," he said later when he had recovered his usual urbanity, "but we can pray for them. We know that with God all things are possible."

His wife hoped so; but sincerely doubted it.

It was a relief to the Bishop when two months later a short note from Stevenson announced his marriage to Ning-poo.

Mrs. Grove was genuinely shocked for Dorothy's sake, but her husband silenced her peremptorily. "We have been praying about this thing," he said to her, "and things must take their course."

He breathed an unconscious thanksgiving in his soul, however, that he had not, for the second time, been invited to perform the marriage ceremony over Tom Stevenson's head. . . . That Rose of England. . . . Besides, the woman was a heathen. Not even a convert. . . . "Was it desirable that she should be a convert?" the Bishop asked himself doubtfully, and hailed with relief the announcement that the deputation from the mission field demanded his immediate attention.

Meanwhile Ning-poo had received Stevenson's suggestion that they should now after five years of life together be what he called "legally bound" with the same gentle acquiescence which she brought to all the whims of the white man who had once appeared to be so God-like. The uncle's wife, who had brought her up since the death of both parents in her infancy, offered no very great opposition when Ning-poo exchanged her roof for that of the foreigner. She had girls of her own to settle and they were too poor, now that her husband was dead, to return to her own people in Japan. Though determined that Ning-poo should not leave her house without opprobrium, she was secretly glad to have one mouth the less to feed.

Ning-poo, for her part, had felt that for the first time in her life the world held a niche for her. She was wanted and useful to somebody. True, the first halcyon days had long passed, and her shrewd, small eyes perceived with growing anxiety, though not lessening affection, the very doubtful source of strength to which her white god turned with apparently increasing persistence in, what he briefly referred to, as his pegs. When he came home more than usually befuddled and bleary-eyed from some absence, she would increase her intercessions for the strengthening of his soul in the presence of the serene Buddha she cherished in an inner room. Stevenson had no objection to the "old boy," as he irreverently called this image. He rather liked a woman to have some religion of whatever kind, and would cheerfully twit her on her "devilries" when her small hands arranged flowers before it for the day, or lit a tiny flame at its feet to illumine the night.

He always felt better, somehow, when she was performing her ceremonies, and still more when she would be silent in the room with it for some hours, while he worked at his papers on the veranda. A great peace and stillness even would seem to pervade the house, causing him to abandon himself wholly to its influence.

He would feel his mind clearer, and his faculties more able to cope with his work thereafter.

No; differences in religion occasioned no difficulties between these two, albeit he still clung with a sort of superstitious reverence to the tenets of his childhood while abandoning altogether their outward observances. He would tell Ning-poo when he had stakes on the local races that she ought to pray to her "old boy" to make him rich.

Ning-poo would shake her head gently, saying did not his work provide?

There were times, however, when he seemed strangely excited and even cross with her, who in the early days had never had a wry word, and she dimly sensed an undercurrent of anxiety which he never put into words. On such occasions she would prostrate herself for hours at a time, during his absences, in front of the benign Buddha, and always, sooner or later, he would return calmer, apparently well satisfied, and with the furrows temporarily absent from his brow.

The one subject that remained an impassable barrier between them was the mysterious English family that belonged to him alone.

They were not children it seemed, neither were they grown men and women, and what she knew about them was very little indeed.

There were only two of them, but their name might have been legion for the spiritual gulf that yawned between Stevenson and herself if she ever hazarded a question about them. They were miles and leagues away in his country, but she had a sense that they overshadowed everything.

She early learnt to desist from outward interest, and gleaned such information as she might from his half-conscious confidences in his more expansive moments, often also his most anxious ones. He would murmur a few words about the boy, and a long word which actually was "University," whose pronunciation she could never grasp, and abandoned the attempt with a vague conception of some sort of an adults' school.

The girl was like her mother, he had once said, and shut his lips upon the words as though they would never open again. She gradually let this mystery slip into the background of her life, and gave herself up to the living of the absorbing present.

But of late Stevenson had become more moody, more uncertain in his temper, and turned to those bottles of evil-smelling liquid which she had learnt to loathe, with an ever-increasing reliance. She could not fathom the cause of the distress which made him caress her one moment and turn on her the next, but felt confident that the Great One who looked down so benignly on her small room would find a way out of this difficulty too. For several weeks Ning-poo increased her daily offerings of fruit and flowers at the little shrine, and her intercessions for the white man so inexplicable but so dear.

At last there came a time when the repetition of her prayer, "I take refuge in Buddha," had evidently brought a realization of *solution* with it, and Ning-poo sang from morning to night in a very riot of thanksgiving. She had planned her plans. She believed that she had the antidote to all Stevenson's worries. She awaited his arrival with the consciousness of success and with impatient joy.

Some sapient observer of life has told us that it is the unexpected that always happens. Was he a cynic? Was he an optimist? However that may be, certain it is that when Stevenson returned from the period in camp, upon which visits Ning-poo seldom accompanied him, all thought of putting her plan into action evaporated from her mind with one glance at his face. Here was no merely highly-strung and over-nervous man. He was a raving maniac; from the torrent of words that fell from his tortured, trembling lips she caught the name of "Frank"—hideously abrupt appellation which she had learnt to associate with the not-yet-grown-up son in England—"ruin" and "disgrace," words that he repeated with a sort of mad terror; "Dorothy," that was the girl-no-longer-child; "ruin on them all," "disgrace for them all"; he would never, never "speculate" again as long as he lived. It was the whisky that did it. Curse it. It fuddled his brain, and he hadn't seen through the fellow as he would have done in the old days. Curse them. And what would everybody say? Cameron had warned him about those shares, and he had thought him an old lady. No Cambridge for Frank now—Dorothy—my God!—too late!

Ning-poo with half-closed eyes and a hand to her throat, where her heart seemed suddenly to have leapt at the uproar that "entered" with his words, swayed for a moment as though she would fall. "There is always a chance," said Ning-poo, straightening and brightening, assuming control as ever of that rudderless barque, "but we can do nothing if thou art thus."

Gradually she won from him a more coherent account. He had been speculating heavily—wildly his friends would have said. He had been so certain that he was going to be cleverer than they. And the whole thing had gone crash—crash—and the children would have to be told. There'd be no way out—Frank . . . "There will be a way out," Ning-poo said. She soothed him and coaxed him to bed. As soon as he slept the small figure crept from the room. All through the hours of the night, now on her knees, now prostrate before the serene and benignant Buddha, Ning-poo reiterated her prayer, "I take refuge in Buddha. The Great One will provide."

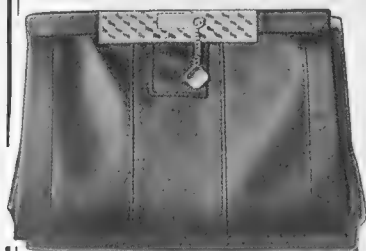
When Stevenson woke in the morning he saw something white on the ground in the next room, and looking more intently sprang from the bed with a cry of terror. It was Ning-poo. She opened her eyes, smiling faintly as he dashed water over her face, and said, "All is well, my beloved. I did but faint for a little moment. But the Great One will provide."

(Continued on p. xvi)

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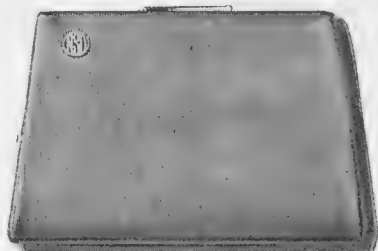


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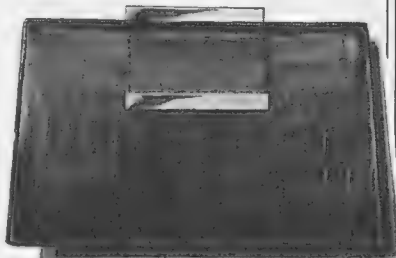
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HOW often have I said to myself that one should believe nothing that one hears and only half of what one sees! Yet, the other day, I rashly departed from my own precept. It did seem to me that I had covered all risks when I said of a rumour "All of which may be a grossly exaggerated account of how Cheshire are tuning up for County Finals." But my policy, it appears, was not comprehensive, for the following letter has just reached me: "As captain of the team I might wish that what you wrote was correct, and that the members of the team had been assiduously practising and taking lessons from that excellent coach, Tom Brace (only two of us have lessons from him), but the fact is that during the whole of August all of them were on holiday and hardly touched a golf club (I didn't even take mine), and none of them have even seen Ashdown Forest course. I feel sure you will not mind giving some publicity to this."

Now with a trembling typewriter, lest I should be tempted to give credence to anything I am told, let us get on with the Girls' Golfing Society meeting, which, as usual, was held at Stoke Poges the day before the Girls' Championship.

"Remarkable, brilliant, and outstanding" are adjectives to be used sparingly, like cayenne pepper, but a sprinkling of them at least is not only permissible, but indispensable, when it comes to describing the cards that were handed in this year.

To be in the 70's was almost a commonplace, and even when you make due allowance for the perfect condition of the course and greens, the comparative ease of the L.G.U. tees as compared with those yellow and black Tiger ones of the men, and the dead stillness of the day, the fact remains that Miss Diana Plumpton's 75, Miss Isabella Rieben's 76, Miss Jessie Anderson's 78, and Miss Pauline Doran's 79 gross scores were all good above the average. By that showing the Girls' Championship, finished by the time this page is in print, ought to be just about the best in quality that there has been since the days of Madame Lacoste (Simone de la Chaume), Miss Enid Wilson, and Miss Diana Fishwick, in fact even better, because each of those in her day dominated the situation so completely, whereas it looks as if there would be desperate fighting every inch of the way before anybody in 1932 can call herself Girl Champion. Because, mind you, it was not the Old Girls—those who are nineteen years and over—who carried off cups and prizes in the main at this society meeting. Miss Diana Plumpton was a staunch upholder of prestige for the elder brigade, for her 75 (37 out and 38 home) justly earned the scratch cup for single figure handicaps, but otherwise it was the Youngers who romped home with everything. Miss Isabella Rieben, with all the prestige of being Welsh Champion behind her, made a most gallant attempt to head the scratch list with her 76, coming home in 36, and her 70 net was a great win of the handicap cup. Aberdovey was well to the fore, for Miss Patience Low, the fifteen-year-old player from there only had a



Six at Stoke Poges: Miss Betty Wyatt, Miss W. Beesley, Miss Pauline Doran, Miss Enid Pearce, Miss Phyllis Byrne, and Miss L. Beesley line up for the Girls' Championship. At the time of going to press it is not known whether Miss Doran's bold bid to hold her title for a third year has been successful

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

Miss Grace Amory, did well with $85 - 7 = 78$, and her nice free style and the excellent control she has of the short game showed that she could not be taken lightly. Yet on the whole it was Miss Rieben and Miss Jessie Anderson who impressed the critics, Miss Rieben because she did not seem frightened of the reputation she rightly has, and Miss Anderson because she has such a really convincing style—truly Scottish at its best. She won the putting prize, just to keep her second handicap one company, and thoroughly deserved both, for she strikes the ball smoothly and crisply, without haste and without delay.

It is temptingly easy to grow too enthusiastic over young golfers when they only play amongst each other, but after all Miss Diana Fishwick, as well as Miss Diana Plumpton, was competing. Stoke Poges is a course of acknowledged difficulty, and if the Present did outnumber the Past by more than two to one, they put up a very fine show and deserved every one of the delightful prizes they won.

Whether they will keep up this standard when the glare of the championship shines on them is a thing nobody can foretell. But there is a fierce army of referees ready to restrain, if need be, the crowds and the cameras, and there is a notion abroad that the girls this year are a particularly placid, sensible lot who will play the game without worrying their heads unduly about who looks at them or what is said about them. That, after all, is one of the best recipes for becoming a first-class golfer, as well as for preserving peace of mind when the process is complete.



More Girls' Championship entrants: Miss Mervyn Barton (right) and her sister Pam with (centre) Miss Felicity Petters, who was determined to put a good face on it

blade of grass between her and a one at the 16th, and with $93 - 17 = 76$ she took the double-figure handicap cup, Miss Beryl Pockett, from Worthing, not being eligible for another cup, as her $87 - 17 = 70$ had taken the scratch cup for double-figure handicaps.

Worthing had altogether a place in the sun that day, for two more from that club tied for second scratch place in the junior division, Miss Black and Miss Spiers each having 90; and in the foursomes Miss Pockett and Miss Spiers won with 4 up, and Miss Black and Miss Byrne tied for second with Miss Plumpton and Miss Aline de Gunsbourg,

all from the club up on the South Down.

Talk was mainly of the brilliant scratch scores in the seventies, all of which gave considerable hope that the Championship would stay this side of the Atlantic. The one American player,

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

WRAPS, dresses, and accessories that the Parisian will wear as well as adaptations of the same are included in the collection assembled in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, St. Ann's Place, Manchester. There is the lace dress pictured on the left; it is mounted on crêpe de chine, the skirt slightly stiffened, and although the flowers that trim the corsage are of velvet centred with red the cost is merely 10½ guineas. There is a variety of simple net and velvet frocks suitable for the débutante, they are moderate in price and decorative. A feature is made of fur coats, some are of Persian lamb with silver fox collars and others of broadtail. Furthermore there are coats made of the new autumn fabrics with handsome fur collars that have been cleverly built so that they may be adjusted to suit the individuality of the wearer



PICTURE BY BLAKE

Many characteristic features of the autumn fashions are present in this evening dress. It is of flamose and is an harmonious study in blue and white. The scalloped hem of the cape and double collar is finished with old-world embroidery that is reminiscent of blanket-stitching

Models, Marshall and Snelgrove, Manchester

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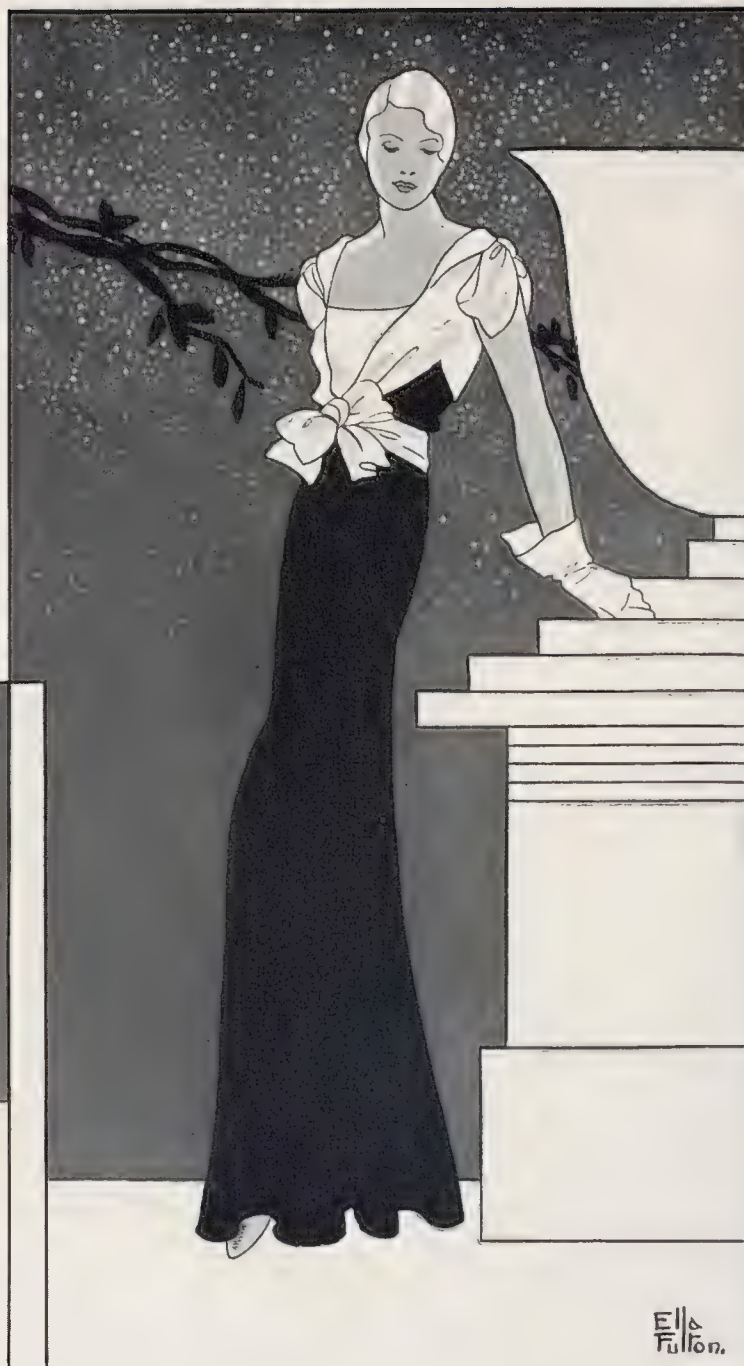
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The Highway of Fashion —continued

It is no exaggeration to state that Celanese have beaten their own high record in the matter of the quality of their fabrics as well as in the lovely colours. There are taffetas, marocains, satins, crêpe de chînes, and piqués, to say nothing of the world-famous knitted fabrics. And of course, they are sold everywhere. The evening dress on the right is destined to be made of crêpe Phantom satin. It is 27 ins. wide and 4s. 11d. per yard; a particularly attractive colour scheme would be black and lettuce-green

As the vogue for velvet each day becomes more pronounced an evening wrap destined to be made of British rayon velvet is pictured on this page; as will be seen, it is enriched with fur. It has the appearance of silk velvet and is practically uncrushable; it may be obtained in lovely colours as well as in printed designs. The dyeing and printing are accomplished by Worralls, and the prices are—well, exceedingly pleasant, which is a matter for congratulation



All in quest of gilt-edge investments in the domain of gloves must wend their way to John Lewis's, Oxford Street, W.1; there are hand-sewn white and natural hog-skin gloves for 18s. 11d., with shorter gauntlets 12s. 11d.; their length of life is well-nigh unending. English chamois ones with white gauntlets stitched with black are 11s. 9d., while soft kid wide gauntlet affairs are 8s. 11d. A novelty of the season is likewise to be seen there, and that is the velvet gloves lined with silk, reinforced with deep gauntlets for 15s. 11d. They are, of course, for evening wear

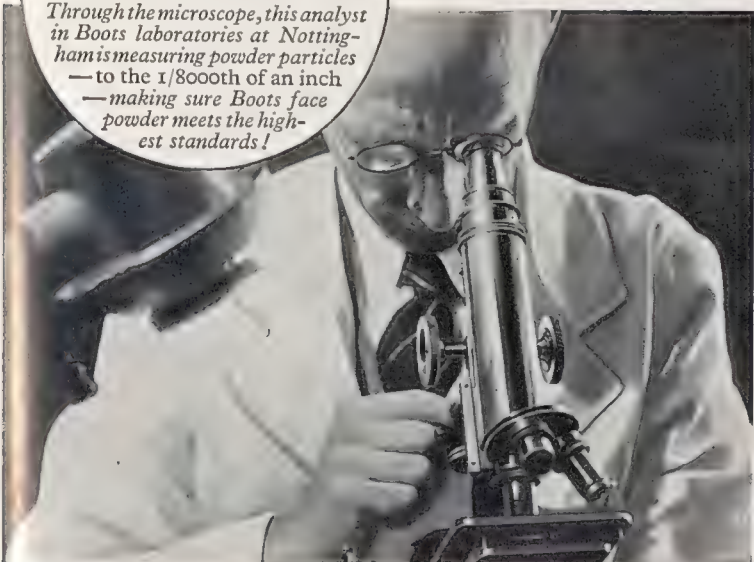
Enthusiastic sportswomen, as well as those who are not so slender as they could desire, are sure to be interested in some admirable knickers that Marshall and Snelgrove, St. Ann's Place, Manchester, are showing. The salient feature is an inserted gusset that extends from knee to knee, therefore when strenuous exercise is taken the fabric does not split; in locknit they are 9s. 11d., and in satin 23s. 11d. Furthermore, there are decorative Shetland breakfast coatees for 8s. 11d., those of quilted Japanese silk being 19s. 11d., and a variety of black velvet wrappers

FACTS that mean more BEAUTY for you when you use Toilet Preparations from BOOTS



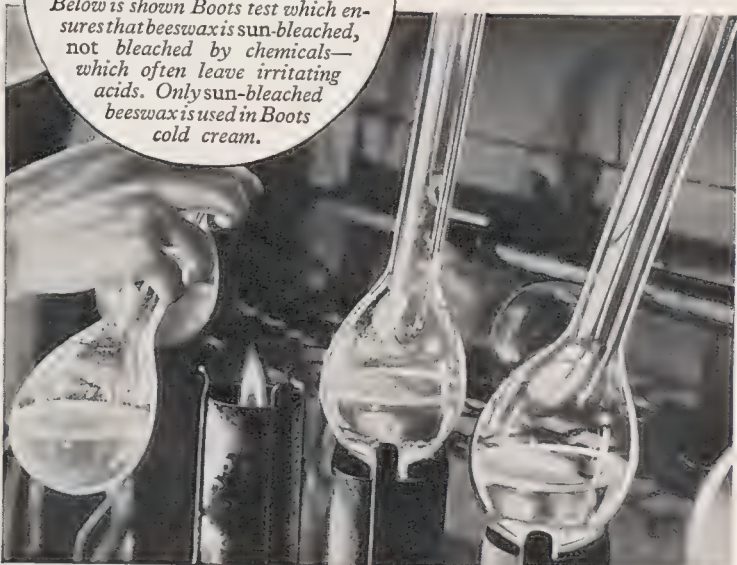
Important that your face powder be of fine texture—for only fine powder can give your skin velvet smoothness. Coarse powders look "powdery." If they are gritty, they can scratch and injure skin!

This powder for smooth skin
Through the microscope, this analyst in Boots laboratories at Nottingham is measuring powder particles—to the 1/8000th of an inch—making sure Boots face powder meets the highest standards!



Beeswax in cold cream enables it to go deep into pores—cleansing, making a delicate film which protects skin against wind, heat, and cold! But if beeswax is impure it irritates.

Cold cream that protects
Below is shown Boots test which ensures that beeswax is sun-bleached, not bleached by chemicals—which often leave irritating acids. Only sun-bleached beeswax is used in Boots cold cream.



Boots TEST and RETEST every ingredient for ABSOLUTE PURITY

All the toilet goods they make must be pure. That same conscientious care—which guards the purity of Boots medicines—ensures the purity of every beauty preparation made by Boots. One ingredient alone is often put through as many as 17 tests! And every ingredient is tested and must be "passed" by Boots analysts before it can be used! This is why—in all preparations made by Boots—you have the high quality of more costly toiletries... Yet the price is most moderate.

You will find ALL the leading Beauty Preparations at Boots—

in the widest range of sizes, shades, perfumes... Boots are Toilet Specialists, able to fulfil your needs exactly—powders, cold creams, perfumes, compacts, lip salves, hair preparations, toilet soaps. You will find them all at Boots. Go to Boots and

TRY THESE BOOTS PREPARATIONS

Devonshire Violet Perfume...
1/3, 2/6, 4/-, 7/6

Devonshire Violet Face Powder...
in the shades *Rachel Claire*,
Rachel Foncé, *Naturelle*, *Rose Soleil*,
Pêche, *Sun-tan* 10½d, 1/6

Boots Cold Cream 1d, 2d tins...
6d, 1/- jars... 6d, 1/- tubes...
Also Boots Cleansing Cold
Cream for massage at 6d and 1/-

FOR THE BATH

365 Eau de Cologne. 6d, 10½d, 1/9
Boots Toilet Soap... *Lavender*,
Lotus Blossom, *Buttermilk*, *Glycerine*
and *Cucumber*... 2d

FOR THE HAIR

Boots Bay Rum & Cantharides
10½d, 1/6
Boots Liquid Brilliantine 7d, 1/-, 1/9

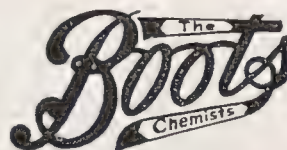
FOR THE HANDS

Larcine Lemon Hand Balm... 3d
Les Fleurs Nail Enamel... *Pink*,
Natural, *White*... 1/3

you will not need to walk from shop to shop... waiting for attention in each place... refusing substitutes you do not want. Quickly you can get at Boots exactly what you wish if it is to be had in your town at all—saving you time, trouble, effort!

FRESHER TOILET PREPARATIONS at Boots, because—

enormous sales mean stocks are always new... Like foods, many beauty preparations go "stale" if kept too long! Powders can lose perfume!... Skin creams can lose moisture—and shrink!... Perfume can deteriorate!... Colours can change! But sales are so fast, so enormous in Boots shops that you can be sure of freshness in everything you buy there.



TOILET SPECIALISTS

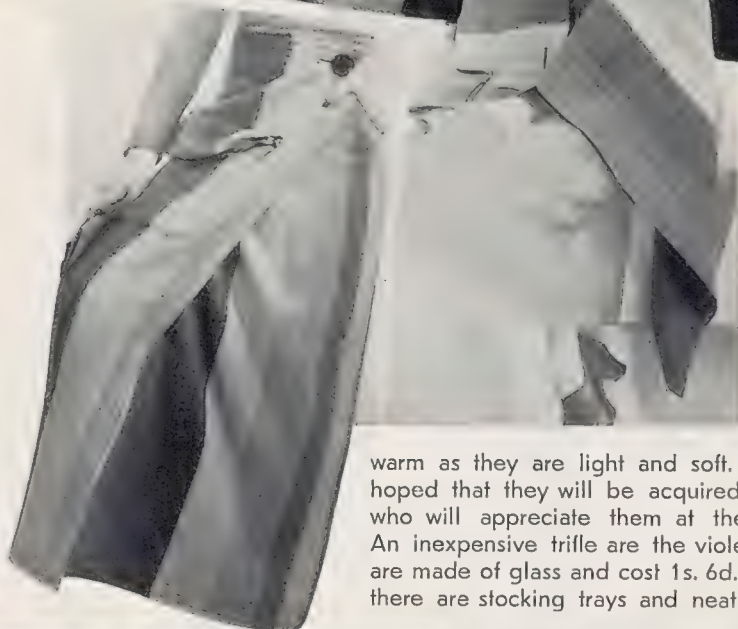
OVER 950 BOOTS SHOPS... THERE IS ONE NEAR YOU... WHY NOT STOP THERE TODAY WHEN YOU SHOP?

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham.



AUTUMN FASHIONS

SOMETHING totally different has been achieved in the wrap-around rug skirt on the right; it comes from across the Border or, in other words, from Jenners, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, and so do the other accessories on this page. The fabricating medium has many of the characteristics of tweed, with the warmth of cashmere. It may be worn over an ordinary skirt and adjusted in the fraction of a second; it is ideal for spectator's wear at football matches and greyhound racing; it may be worn as a cape and is available for 65s. From the hats pictured it will be seen that monotony is not permitted in these salons; for their fashioning a toll has been levied on velour, felt, and woven fabrics. The fine wool pull-over built on Norfolk coat lines has much to be said in its favour, and so has the knitted cardigan and Braemar jumper



AND at Jenners there are two real vicuna rugs; it is believed that they are the only ones in this country. They are as

warm as they are light and soft. It is to be hoped that they will be acquired by someone who will appreciate them at their true value. An inexpensive trifle are the violet vases; they are made of glass and cost 1s. 6d. Furthermore, there are stocking trays and neat bead sachets



PICTURES BY BLAKE

Velvet

*The Autumn
Vogue for the
smart After-
noon Frock
... and for
Evening Wear*

*New
& interesting
Models
by Debenhams*



Velvet Tea Frock: the small sleeves formed by the cape, the soft waistline is very becoming and the bow can be adjusted as required. In black, raisin red, sapphire blue, new green, etc.

98/6



An informal Dinner or Tea Gown worn with a waist-length Coatee, the cape forming the sleeves. Carried out in velvet the bodice is particularly becoming and the hips give a slimming line. In black, raisin red, sapphire, new green, etc.

7½ gns.

*Catalogues of Autumn Fashion
sent post free.*

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, W. 1

(Debenhams Ltd.)



The Tangee lipstick never gives a painted effect—it changes colour on the lips to match the individual complexion; then it is permanent and will not smear. As it has a cold-cream base it soothes and heals the lips, which is an immense advantage. Again, there is the Tangee rouge, which changes on the cheeks in the same way as the lipstick does on the lips. There are trial sizes of Tangee lipstick, rouge compact and powder; they are sold everywhere at 6d. each. The Tangee crème rouge is to be recommended for a normal complexion, while the powder is indeed ideal for the brunette who likes something that is distinctive. Neither must the cleansing and nourishing cream for use during the hours of rest be overlooked, and there is the day cream that is a perfect base for this firm's powder that is invisible; nevertheless it imparts a soft bloom to the skin that is absolutely natural.

THE ART OF MAKE-UP

A question that is frequently asked is, What is the art of make-up? To put the matter in a nutshell, it is increasing the charm of the face with the aid of creams, rouges, and lipsticks, and how this art may be acquired may be gleaned from the Tangee booklet entitled the "Art of Make-up," and of course when treating the face thought must be given regarding the time of day and the type of frock that will be worn. More colouring is permissible when the lights are lit than during the day. It must be carefully applied.



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Platinum, Diamonds
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The modern way of Telling
Time—Nos. 345, 3304, 3305
and 342 are Watches without
hands or dials; the hours and
minutes are clearly seen at a
glance. No. 390 has a black
dial with hands and numerals
in a new style. The move-
ments of these Watches are
the standard expected of
Mappin & Webb. Please
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"for any weather and every day"



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Eley Ad.



"Caroline"

An inexpensive Dance Frock for the young girl or small woman in Dull finish Crêpe Phantasie, a new material. Designed on classical lines, the skirt caressing the ankles in full folds.

2 GNS.

In Saxe Blue, Green, Red, Ivory, Pale Gold & Black.
Sizes: S.S.W., Hips 37 ins., to F.W., Hips 42 ins.
All British.

Illustrations of other Autumn Fashions on request.

DRUCE of BAKER ST LONDON, W.1

"FOR PERSONAL SERVICE"

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 504)

Since I have received at least two letters as to how to cub-hunt, I propose—as soon as I have sufficient room—to present a few kindly meant hints, based upon a somewhat lengthy and sometimes painful experience, as to the best way in which to tackle this very arduous form of the sport of fox-hunting. Broadly speaking, cub-hunting is the amusement of the very young who lie awake all night (till 4.30 a.m.) thinking about it and hearing the sound of the horn and the pop of Dick's (Tom's or Harry's) thong echoing in the leafy thickets—and for the very or rather old who go to bed in their boots and breeches (and spurs) or Jodhpurs (in these untidy days of which a distinguished baronet has had so much to say). It is of no good to those of the beach pyjama and sailors' trousers age, because it may compel them to cut short their gyrations in the mazy dance. However, all this is merely by way of a preamble and it is not put forward as anything in the way of a useful instruction. Just as a sighting shot I may say, nevertheless, that being of a cleanly and dressy habit myself, I believe in having an over-night shave say at about 12 to 12.2 p.m. after the *doch an' doris* (spelling, I hope, is correct). This will not interest the non-shaving sex and those who have not yet arrived at the shaving age, but I think that it is a useful tip for those who have. Nothing looks worse in the early dawn than a chin like a hard-working cat-burglar or night-shift smash-and-grab raider. These persons as a rule, so I believe, are very well groomed, but the very nature of their occupations must cause them to be a bit blue about the chops on occasion. Cub-hunters should try to be tidy even if they cannot avoid



SIR ALFRED AND LADY SLADE AT THE WILTON HUNT GYMKHANA

This excellent little show was held recently in Wilton Park by kind permission of Lord Pembroke. Sir Alfred Slade used to be in the Scots Guards, and is in the Reserve of Officers

being a bit bog-eyed and bleary. Some people, of course, shaved or unshaven, never look clean, but for them I am not writing. It is the earnest trier whom I am endeavouring to help. More in detail later about early dawn, fairies, haunted houses, bogots, kelpies, rum and milk, and so forth. There is so much to be said if only people would realize it.

This stirring incident in military life in the once brightest jewel in the Imperial diadem has been sent to me by a rather full colonel who is commanding his battalion somewhere in the Punjab, and it shows us plainly that the hand that rocks the cradle has lost none of its cunning, or its force. The colonel writes:

The following true incident is so funny that it may be of use to you. Two of my riflemen's wives quarrelled and one hit the other over the head with a broom. When I remonstrated with her next day concerning this hasty act she said, "I am sorry, I only meant to sweep her out, but when I saw her I couldn't keep my hands off her." I replied, "Next time you feel like that you count a hundred" (laughter in Court led by the prisoner).

This is on all fours with another case which was brought to my notice. A certain—or rather uncertain—man once met another man on a rather foggy evening, and without a word of warning sprang on him with all the fury of a Whipsnade tiger and gave him the most appalling beating up. It ended up under a lamp-post—and as the tiger-man propped the mangled remains up against the wall, and the sickly rays from the lamp fell upon the blood-stained countenance, he gasped in horror and said, "Blimey, I bin and mistook you for someone else!" This surely is another case in which one ought to count a hundred before taking definite action.



A MATTER OF SELECTION

There is a thrill in backing an uncertainty... and seeing it romp home...but the wise man scoffs at chance when choosing his cigarettes. He selects Player's and makes quite sure.

PLAYER'S

PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100's BOXES, 4/8. FLAT TINS OF 50, 2/6

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

MCGL36

Miss Celia Johnson

now appearing in "To-morrow will be Friday" at the Haymarket Theatre, writes:

"IN many an actress's life Phosferine plays a leading part. But to the actress, like myself, of straight drama, it is indispensable. The success of any play depends naturally enough upon absolute concentration, prolonged tension, and lasting good spirits. Phosferine insures all these and much more. It provides against the sometimes harmful effects of getting 'worked up' every night, and often twice daily, for weeks on end. Phosferine is without doubt the firm friend of every actress, and unquestionably it is the tonic of tonics, for undoubtedly it allows one to enjoy all recreations without a nagging sense of fatigue after the innumerable late and arduous nights. What is more important, and so essential on the stage, but yet so far outside the limits of grease-paint, Phosferine gives one that perfect complexion and vigorous health."

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Tablets and Liquid.

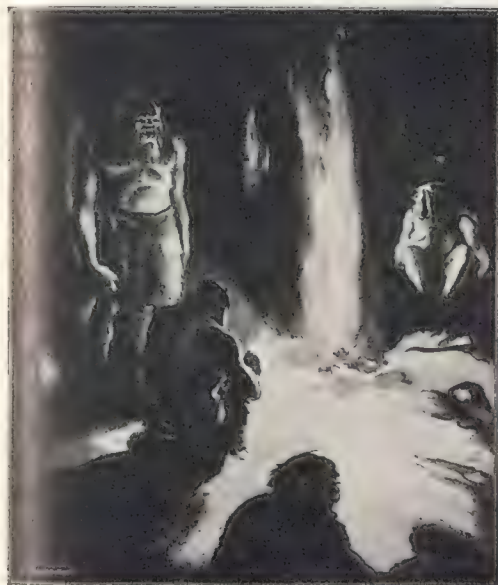
The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.



Photograph by Mannell

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.



HEATING
THROUGH THE
AGES — No. 1

"SEE"—said Gröm,
'I have made
the bright Dancing
Ones my servants.
The tribe shall come
here. And we shall
be the masters of
all things.'"

—"In the Morning
of Time"—
C. G. D. Roberts

FROM the time of primitive Gröm, fire has been our servant — and in an "Imperial" Central Heating Installation we see it as the perfect servant—unobtrusive and discreetly efficient. Hidden piping conveying an even warmth to every room and passage in the house; radiators of various designs to harmonise with any scheme of furnishing, and every detail of the installation an example of perfect craftsmanship. May we give you further information and, if you wish, an estimate?



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Spain —

the native land of romance...

Coal-eyed señoritas and ardent caballeros... But you find romance in Spain not only in the inhabitants and their costumes — you trace it everywhere — in scenery, in vegetation and in architecture and art...

In Spain you collect impressions of imposing temple buildings and little picturesque villages... of unrivalled art and wonderful scenery—everlasting impressions!

Communications in modern Spain are convenient—hotels are famous for their comfort and catering... thus you can get everywhere French cuisine besides the excellent Spanish cookery. And you will find it quite inexpensive to travel in Spain.

Ask for information from the nearest travelling bureau or directly from Patronato Nacional del Turismo (Spanish State Tourist Department), Madrid (Medinaceli, 2) and Paris (Boulevard de la Madeleine, 12)





CAPTAIN AND MRS. A. M. SHERIDAN

Who were married last month at Ootacamund, South India. Captain Arthur M. Sheridan, I.M.S., of Secunderabad, is the son of the late Mr. J. Sheridan and of Mrs. Sheridan of Greenock, Scotland, and his wife, before her marriage, was Miss Theodora Sprawson, the daughter of Major-General C. A. Sprawson, C.I.E., I.M.S., Surgeon-General, Madras Presidency.

At the End of the Year.

Some time in December Mr. Martin Lindsay, Royal Scots Fusiliers, the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Lindsay, 2nd K.E.O. Gurkhas, and Mrs. Lindsay of Raby Lodge, Hayward's Heath, is marrying Miss Joyce Lindsay, the daughter of the late Major the Hon. Robert Lindsay, Royal Scots Greys, and the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay of 1, Holland Park, W.

Marrying Shortly.

Mr. George Kinnear Stobart, the Durham Light Infantry, and Miss Ailsa Craig Cowan are being married at Rosslyn Chapel, Midlothian, to-morrow (22nd); on

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

September 24 Lieutenant R. S. Young, R.N., H.M.S. *Victory*, and Miss Undine Lucas-Tooth of 20, Lincoln House, Basil Street, are to be married at Holy Trinity, Brompton; on the same day Mr. A. R. B. Simpson marries Miss Barbara Norwood, and the marriage will take place at Wimborne Minster; October 5 is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. J. E. A. Carver and Miss Beatrice A. G. Lathrop, which is to be in Cape Town, South Africa; and another October wedding is that between Mr. C. M. Andrae of 6, West Eaton Place, and Miss E. M. Harrison of Wychnor Park, Burton-on-Trent, which takes place on the 29th at Alrewas Parish Church, Staffordshire.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Cordery Alexander Graeme Fulton of Boar's Hill, Oxford, the son of the late Major-General and Mrs.



MRS. N. H. FAIRBAIRN

Who was married recently in Belfast to Mr. Norman Hunter Fairbairn, the son of the late Mr. Thomas Fairbairn and of Mrs. Fairbairn, of Eildon Bank, Melrose. She was formerly Miss Margaret Lily Lawlor, and is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cairnes Lawlor of Killyfaddy, Windsor Avenue, Belfast.

G. A. Fulton, and Miss Irene Gladys Spokes, the second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Spokes of The Cedars, Iffley Road, Oxford; Mr. Peter Graham Tolson, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Tolson of Kempston, Bedfordshire, and Miss Margaret Ashmole (Peggy) Fraser, the only daughter of the late Mr. Donald T. Fraser of Ipswich, and Mrs. Croskell of Bedford; Mr. Geoffrey Morse Binnie, the youngest son of Mr. William Binnie of 12, Stafford Terrace, Kensington, and Miss Janina Paryczko, the only child of Mr. Edward Paryczko of Warsaw; Mr. Andrew Wauchope Johnstone, youngest son of the late Major James L'Estrange Johnstone of Alva, M.V.O., R.E., and of Mrs. Seton Christopher, 40, Carlyle

Square, Chelsea, and Miss Eleanor Blanche Laurie, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. B. Laurie, Carlton Hall, Nottinghamshire.



MAJOR AND MRS. C. A. MURRAY

Photographed after their marriage at St. Michael's, Heavitree, Exeter, which took place recently. Major Cyril A. Murray is in the Royal Signals, and his wife was formerly Miss Diana Archer.



THE HOSTESS CANTEEN.

This new Community canteen, with its complete service for 8 persons, will appeal to the modern hostess who takes pride in her entertaining. No more "making do" with odd spoons and forks which may spoil the whole effect of your dining table. The "Hostess" canteen offers eight of everything—enough silver for every occasion.

It is obtainable in any of Community's five distinguished designs. 52 pieces - £8.0.0.

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BRITISH ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., WALKLEY LANE, SHEFFIELD

HARVEY NICHOLS



VELVET'S the vogue this season—and its newest triumph is in the world of lingerie. This exquisitely dainty Cami-knicker is made of finest ring velvet and écru lace; the backless brassière-top, especially flattering in shape, is held in place by a narrow band of fine elastic. In ivory, black and lovely shades of parchment, peach, and shell . . . 45/9

Also in satin beauté and lace at . 39/6

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TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE in a novelty wool Matalasse. The coat collar and one wide rever is trimmed with sable dyed Marmot. The frock is provided with ample pleats. May be had in either rust or beige.

12½ gns.

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Established nearly a Century.
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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The big autumn shows are now upon us; two of the most important shows of the year, the Scottish Kennel Club Show, held in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, on September 28 and 29, and the Kennel Club Show, held on October 5 and 6.



LADY EDITH WINDHAM AND HER YORKSHIRE TERRIERS

Both these shows give champion certificates for every breed eligible, and are well worth a visit. The Scottish Kennel Club generally has a great array of gun-dogs of all kinds. There always seems to me to be more men dressed in tweeds there than at any other show. The Kennel Club Show is, of course, the premier dog show of the world, and a win there is always prized. It takes place at the Crystal Palace. Those of our members judging at the Scottish Kennel Club are Miss

Demaine, pugs; Mrs. Pacey, West Highland and Sealyham terriers; Miss Thynne, Shetland sheepdogs; Miss Bruce, cairns and Scottish bearded collies.

It is always interesting to hear news of members' dogs in other parts of the globe, so everyone will be pleased to see the picture of the young Maharajah of Nabha and the Pekinese bought from Miss Heuston. The dog is of the most lovely type and a great favourite with the Maharajah. In this connection I should like to point out to members, what I often have before, the enormous

advantage of having their dogs noticed in THE TATLER, which is read and taken in not only all over India but all over the world. Very often weeks after these notes appear I get letters from outlying parts of the world with reference to the dogs mentioned, and in many cases these notes are the only link with the dog world that the writers have; therefore the more various the breeds noticed and the more numerous the kennels the better it is for everyone.

The Yorkshire terrier is one of the most delightful dogs alive. Tiny though its body is, a large heart beats in it, and it is as game and sporting as any terrier, besides being exceedingly intelligent. It has sometimes suffered from the craze for a coat of inordinate length, which has led to its being kept under artificial conditions, but the dogs belonging to Lady Edith Windham, whose picture we give, have no such handicap, and are kept entirely naturally, running about and enjoying their lives. In spite of this Lady Edith has done well on the bench, many winners having come from her kennels. Her dogs are her dear friends and companions, and the young ones are only parted with to good homes. Lady Edith has several of all ages for sale, so it is a chance for anyone wanting one of these delightful little dogs to get one which has been well brought up.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



HIS HIGHNESS PRA-TAP SINGH, THE MAHARAJAH OF NABHA, AND SUN-CHI OF GREYSTONES



Those who have not seen and heard this instrument do not realize what developments in radio reception have taken place. It is the

GAMBRELL - HALFORD "AUTORADIOGRAM"

which, in the "Daily Mail" report on the Radiolympia Exhibition was described "as near perfection as anything the year has produced." A range of Radiograms and Receivers embodying the famous G. & H. 7/8 valve Super-het Chassis for A.C. and D.C. mains are supplied by HALFORD RADIO LTD., of 39 Sackville Street, London, W. 1 who will send full particulars and arrange demonstrations without obligation.

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Gentleman's Hide Suitcase with Silver Mounted Fittings, £15 ÷ Hand Woven Shetland Wool Rug, £2 ÷ Cashmere Scarf (all colours), 10/6 ÷ Roll-up Manicure Set in Silver Gilt and Enamel, £9 ÷ Zeiss Field Glasses, £13.4.0

At Aspreys the traveller finds what he wants ... fitted cases planned as he himself would have planned them ... many etceteras which he must wish he had met with before. Nowhere else can he find such profusion from which to choose, such intelligent and helpful guidance towards his final choice. The quality and workmanship are "Asprey"... the prices are definitely in tune with the times.

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Q A

AUTUMN 1932



Photo by Blake

"MALAYA"
14½ Gns.

Simple in line and detail, this Coat has gone into residence at Marshall & Snelgrove of Manchester. It is produced in grey Haddington Tweed, reinforced with a handsome Squirrel Collar. It is available in heather shades, brown and black, with collar dyed to tone.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
(FRANK DRURY LTD.)
MANCHESTER

PETROL VAPOUR—continued from p. 510

however, exposed. I am able to reveal that some, if not all, of the cars produced at this factory (which had better be nameless) will not only have engines, but gear-boxes, transmissions, wheels, tyres (pneumatic), and, last but not least, bodies. I am able to reveal that this latest development will enable some of my fortunate readers to ride in them—but not many at a time. I should have been able to continue my series of epoch-marking and sensational revelations, had it not been that at my third factory visit (and I regret I am unable to reveal whether it was at Coventry, London, Oxford, or Manchester) I accepted, from the hands of an old friend, a cellulose acetate cock-tail, with a nut in it, plus something that others haven't got. I was then forced to reveal all my secrets. But this has so long been my habit that, barring the nut (which stuck), I was able to finish my story, though, like a fool, I never mentioned the name of our Motoring Editor.

Quite Serious.

Throughout my three years' experience of the Armstrong-Siddeley pre-selective self-changing gear I have never had a single second's trouble with it. With numerous other cars of note, that went before these "twenties," I flattered myself that I was a pretty good gear-changer, but it did not take me long to learn that I had been wasting an enormous amount of time and effort. But when a cunning wight asked me, "If it is as good as you say, why don't they use it on racing cars?" I simply ceased to be communicative because I didn't know. Of one thing I was conscious and convinced, which was that when that transmission went on to a racing car I would back it. There and then I did for a quid, and that quid lies before me as I write.



IN THE SKIM

Mr. E. W. A. (Patsy) Richardson and Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh practising the latest form of sea sport—water bicycling at the Lido. Mr. Mackintosh's expression suggests that it is not so easy as all that

AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 508

licensing regulations, then either those regulations must be altered before foreign guests are invited over here again, or else some specific plan for evading the law must be drawn up and applied. It is not pleasant to think of people returning to the Continent with the fixed impression that the English are entirely without initiative or individual freedom. Apart from these small points, however, the event was a great success.

Air Service Training.

I hear to-day that between six and seven hundred hours were flown at Air Service Training, Ltd., at Hamble, last month, and that eleven new pupils were enrolled. The total number of pupils in residence at the end of the month was twenty-four, with twelve R.A.F. Reservists, the pupils representing ten different countries. Six pupils, including Lieut. Commander G. Rodd and Mr. Nap, qualified for the A.S.T. Blind Flying certificate, a certificate that is now in increasing demand from those who like to do all they can to perfect their flying technique.

One of the latest additions to the staff of A.S.T. is Flight-Lieutenant J. B. Veal, who served for several years on the staff of the Central Flying School, and there took over the instrument course from Flight-Lieutenant Johnstone. The combined experience of the A.S.T. instructors must now equal, if it does not exceed, that of the staff of any other civil flying school in the world.

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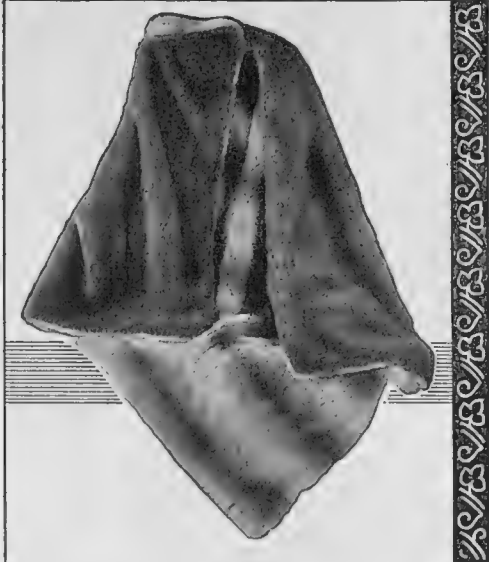
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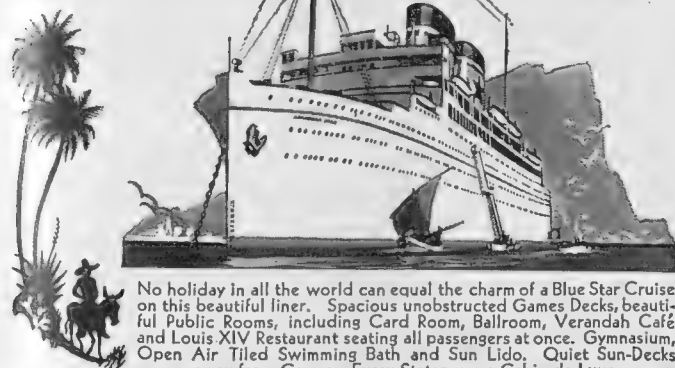
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Relativity—continued from p. 488

"I have been a brute," said Stevenson, startled into sobriety, "ruining the children and now trying to kill you. Come to the long chair, my darling." He picked the small form up, and laid her tenderly in the veranda, imploring her, man-like, to eat, if it were but a banana, and busying himself making her coffee.

"The Great One will provide," Ning-poo smiled at him, peeling the banana to satisfy him. A step on the path made them both look up. It was a telegram. "The Great One will provide," Ning-poo was saying over and over again to herself almost unconsciously.

Stevenson tore it open, and after a moment looked at her with awe-stricken eyes. "I have drawn the favourite," he said. "This is from the Turf Club."

Bishop Grove, reading his morning letters, surprised his wife by nearly choking over his coffee. "Really, Roger," she remonstrated, "do be careful." He gave her a look which made the words die on her lips.

"Stevenson has lost his wife," he said briefly, and handed her the letter he had had in his hand. There was that about her husband which made her read without saying "What a merciful thing!" as she had intended.

"Thank you for your congratulations," it began. "I know you have never approved of my gambling, and I pray God that I have done with it for ever. You know I lost heavily on those Alphabeeta shares, and I was involved in the Gammadelta failure, too. I felt desperate because I didn't see how I could send Frank to the 'Varsity after that, and it looked for a moment like having to take Dorothy from school, too. And then—oh, sir, you are a man of God and my own old friend—

surely you believe God hears all prayers by whatever name He is called? I had told Ning-poo this trouble, selfish brute that I've been for the hundredth time, and when I came in in a frenzy that night she put me to bed, and all through the night she must have been before the Buddha, I believe, for in the morning I found her in a faint upon the floor. I got her some coffee, and while we were drinking it on the veranda the first wire came. Of course I forbade any more kneeling or praying, but I believe she was secretly doing the latter all the time till the second telegram arrived. When I read out 'One Chance came in second,' she threw herself into my arms with a cry of joy and died upon my breast.

"I 'phoned Cameron at once, of course, and he was round within five minutes, but it was all over. He told me she was to have been a mother. I remember now the look of triumph she had when I went blundering into her presence that night like a drunken fool. I had been in camp for a few weeks, as you know, and she had gone to see him one day, it appears. She had said, 'I think this will make him less worried, now'—she meant more sober, of course. It was to have been her trump-card for reclaiming me, I believe—I don't feel I could ever touch a drop of the beastly stuff again."

Mrs. Grove stopped to wipe her glasses, and heard her husband blowing his nose as he thrust a second letter and a photograph into her hand. "I think I shall go home. I enclose Dorothy's latest letter and a new photograph."

Mrs. Grove heard her husband, still trumpeting with his nose, murmur, "I wonder if we could give her Christian burial."

She turned mechanically to the end of Dorothy's letter. "Oh! daddy, daddy," she wrote, "to think that I am now sixteen and that in at most another year we shall start our new life together."

The photograph in her hand was—yes, surely—of Rose Stevenson, young and ardent and eager, as she had been at seventeen.



Dennis Moss

THE PETTY FRANCE TEAM AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB

This team won the Foxley Cup at the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club autumn tournament, and Mrs. W. T. Hunter presented the prizes. The names of the team, left to right, are: Captain O. J. Battine, Major Lord Apsley, Major K. G. Menzies, and Major Philip Magor



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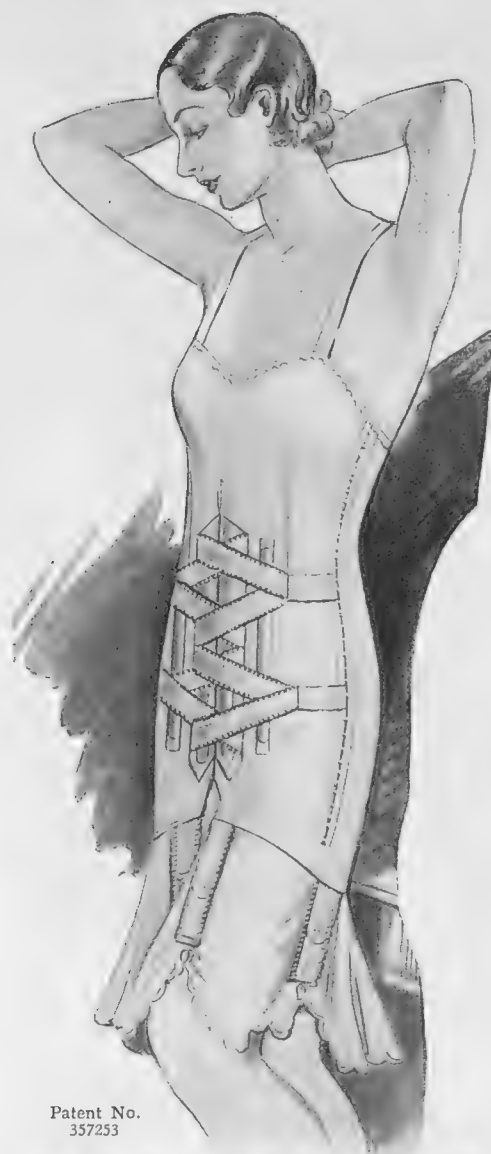
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for funds to continue an allowance of 5s. a week to a pathetic old man of the tradesman class. He is quite well educated and fond of reading. He is living in a tiny basement room in London. He has been a hard worker in his time, and has had a varied life; he was at one time a singer in various music-halls, and has also had several jobs on the Continent. He speaks and reads French fluently. For the last fifteen years he has been employed in the fruit department of one of London's biggest stores, but at the age of seventy, and owing to repeated attacks of bronchitis, he was dismissed, and he is now really past work. His only income is his old age pension of 10s. a week. The Friends of the Poor want to continue their gift of 5s. a week till he is admitted to some home for old men. £6 is badly needed.



AT THE CRAVEN HUNT GYMKHANA

Mrs. Woolland, who is now Master of the Craven and whose picture is alongside, organized this gymkhana at her house, Membury, Ramsbury, Wilts, in aid of the League of Mercy. In this group, left to right, are: Mrs. Donald Cory, Miss Pidcock, Mrs. Walter Woolland, and Miss Diana Cory



MRS. WOOLLAND, M.F.H.

of the dining saloon, by Hampton and Sons, Ltd., Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

The Sixth Annual Motor Ball and Carnival, in aid of the Motor and Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund, is being held at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Wednesday, October 19. There will be dancing to Doug Swallow and his band, also Alan Green and his band. A first-class cabaret will be put on for half-an-hour at midnight. In accordance with the prevailing spirit of economy, prices have been reduced this year. The price of admission (including buffet supper) is £1 5s. for gentlemen and £1 for ladies. Tickets and particulars may be obtained from A. H. Dawson, 28, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

The *Queen of Bermuda*, the only important passenger vessel being built at the present time in British shipyards, was launched on September 1 at Barrow by Lady Cubitt, the wife of the Governor of Bermuda. The interior of this ship, which is scheduled to be one of the most beautifully equipped vessels owned by any line, is being decorated and furnished throughout, with the exception

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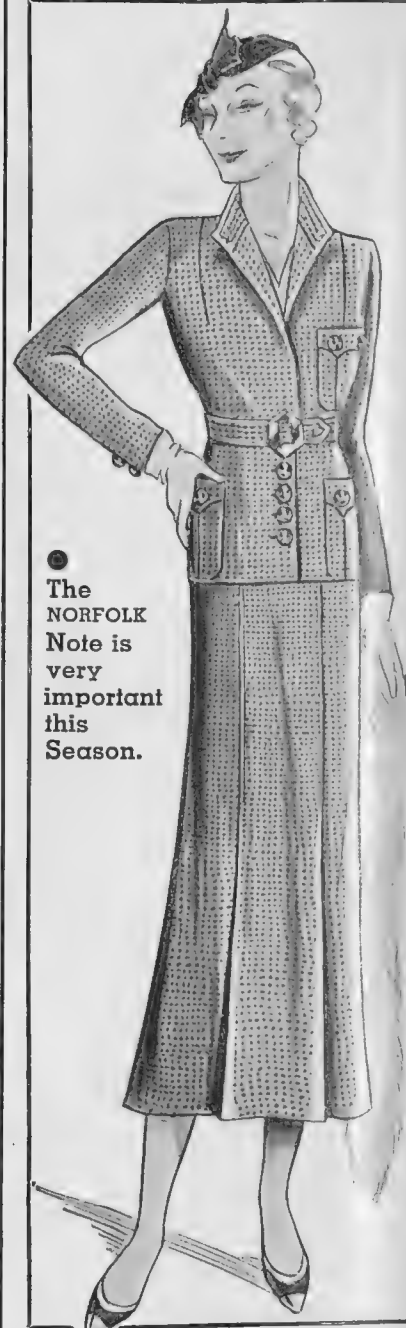
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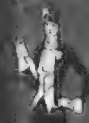
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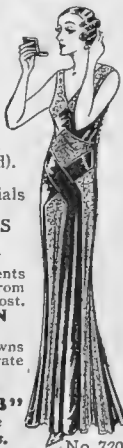
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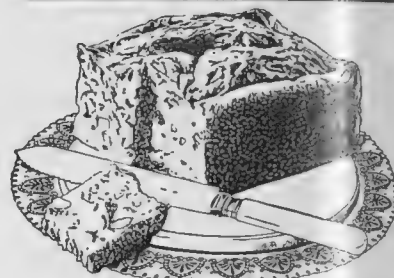
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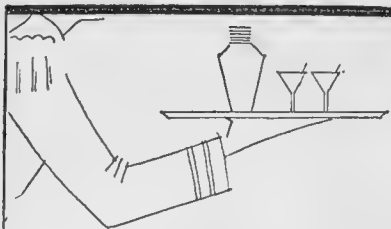
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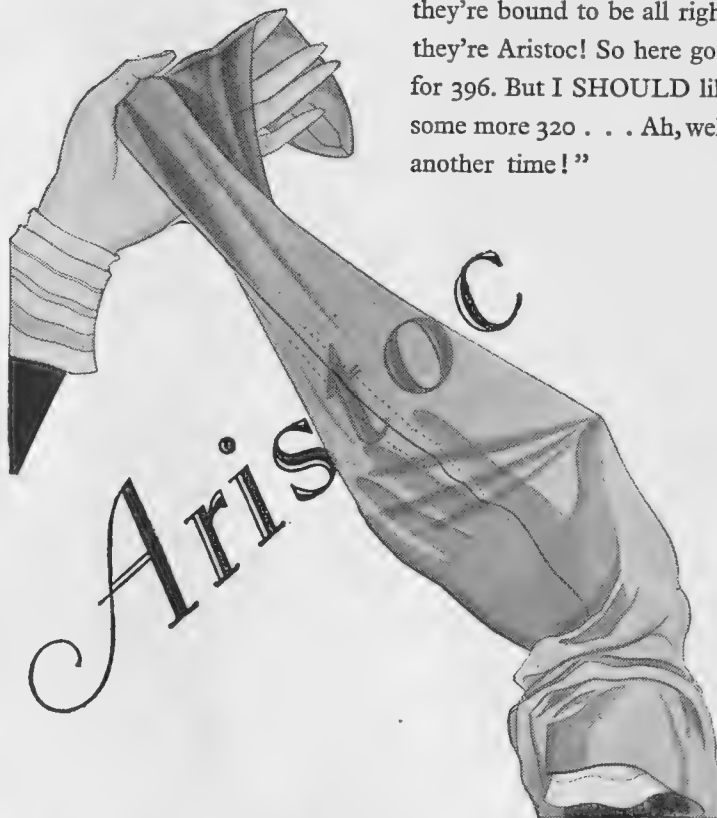
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7/11



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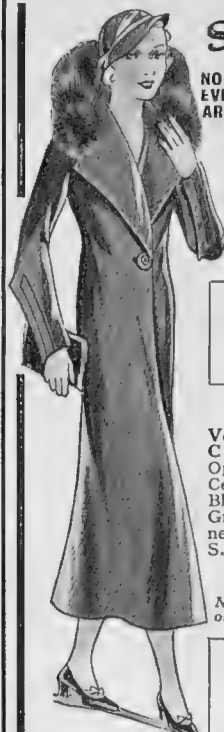
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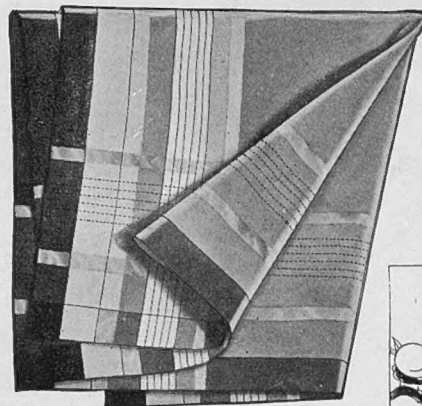
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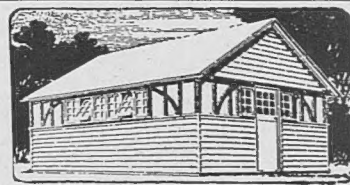
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Sir Edward: "Many thanks, Bob, I will."

Lord Bob: "Hurry up! Man alive, the horses are at the post and you are a hundred yards from the ring!"

Sir Edward: "Don't excite yourself, Bob. I'm just wiring my agent £100 each way at 'Tote' odds."

Lord Bob: "But you won't be on. In the first place, it's after time, and, secondly, no agent will take £100 each way now."

Sir Edward: "Guess again, Bob. Haven't you heard of 'Duggie'?"

Lord Bob: "Yes; but I suppose he is the same as the others."

Sir Edward: "That's where you're wrong. He allows you to wire him up to the 'Off' for bets at either 'Tote' or Starting Prices."

Lord Bob: "Ted, you're pretty cute—I see, instead of jumping your 'hundred' on the machine at the last minute and reducing the odds, you wire 'Duggie' and don't disturb the pool. Is that it?"

Sir Edward: "Exactly; but that's not all."

Lord Bob: "Go on!"

Sir Edward: "You can bet how you like with 'Duggie'—full 'Tote' odds and 5 per cent. in addition. *That's what makes me so enthusiastic.*"

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